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FROM
EAST TO WEST

REV. J. M. STRACHAN, M.D.





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FROM EAST TO WEST

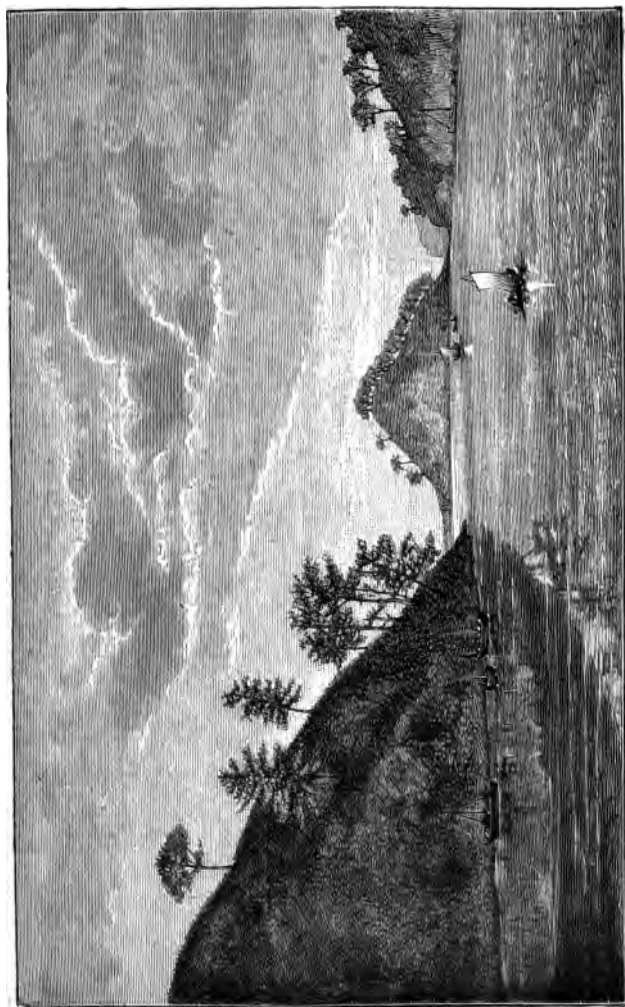


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FROM EAST TO WEST



PAPPENBERG (See Page 66).

[Frontispiece.

FROM EAST TO WEST

CLARENCE A. LUTHER, M.D.
IN DISTANCE

REV. J. W. LUTHER

WILLIAM LUTHER, M.D.
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FROM EAST TO WEST

OR

GLANCES AT THE CHURCH'S WORK
IN DISTANT LANDS.

BY THE

REV. J. M. STRACHAN, M.D.

SECRETARY TO THE MADRAS DIOCESAN COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR
THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS

London

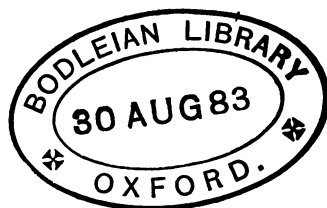
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P R E F A C E.

THIS modest little work might easily have been expanded into two octavo volumes ; but the object has been to condense rather than to expand, and to place on record the impressions made by passing glances at deeply-interesting distant lands. For the few historical facts mentioned with regard to Japan, the Author is chiefly indebted to Mr. Griffs's very full and entertaining book on *The Mikado's Empire*.

"A Bill of Fare" does not enter into minute details as to the orders, genera, species, or the structure of the dainty dishes provided. It is content with alluring, appetizing terms, and ignores botany, natural history, morphology, and physiology. This is just what has been done in the following pages. They indicate how people, jaded with the constant whirl and worry of daily business, may, by change of scene, secure that form of rest which is the very best for active minds, and be invigorated for future work and duty. Hints are given, which, it is hoped, will be useful to those who may be inclined to follow in the same route.

The Author has endeavoured to collect information which, he hopes, will be both

• interesting and instructive to those who are jealous for the Church's work in distant lands. The facts disclosed may well sound an alarm and summon to a holy Jihad, in which the spiritual weapons, too long unused, may flash from their scabbards, and the Church shall dare to act as if she believed in her divine commission, relied on her divine Head, and recognized and did not shrink from her responsibility. "*This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations.*" "*He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.*" Here is the extent of the Church's parish. The sympathies of the Church should be as wide as the

sympathies of Christ. Wherever there is a soul stained with sin, or a heart bleeding with sorrow, the Gospel has comfort and mercy to bestow.

The population of the globe may be reckoned in round numbers at 1,400,000,000, of whom about 1,000,000,000 are non-Christian and nearly 400,000,000 are Christian. These figures are not so appalling as they look. Considering that the forces used in the propagation of the Faith are purely moral, that the gradual development of Christianity is exactly analogous with God's general plan in the government of the world, that the Almighty works not directly, but through human agency, which is often faithless and half-hearted ; and taking into account

the inertia as regards spiritual matters that has to be overcome in arousing attention—the dead have no feeling—the progress of the Gospel during the last eighteen centuries has been amazing, and is conclusive evidence of its divine authority. A survey of the past produces hopefulness, not despondency, with respect to the future. At the same time when we realize the fact that one in every three human beings is a follower of Bhuddhism, with its awfully dark and blank negations, that there are 170,000,000 followers of the false prophet, and nearly 176,000,000 Hindus, with their three hundred millions of gods, we must feel that though much has been done, very much more remains to be done. The following pages confirm

this statement, so far as it relates to Burmah, Borneo, China and Japan.

It does not fall within the scope of this work to speak of India or of Hinduism, with its rigid and inelastic and yet wonderfully adaptive system ; a system which extruded from its midst the iconoclastic forces of Gautama, and fronted with a passive resistance the cruel onslaughts of Mahomet's sword. Signs, however, are not wanting to show that it will yield to the loving strokes of the sword of the Spirit. Disintegration is rapidly taking place. British law, saturated with the principles of the Gospel, Western science and philosophy, the conveniences and advantages of Western civilization, combined with the manifold agencies employed to

make Christ known, are all so many attacking forces thundering at the citadel. Doubt, unrest, inquiry, have paralyzed the arm of defence. A large and influential class of thoughtful men have given up Hinduism, and are now in search of a religion. What religion shall it be? Some are aspiring after the spiritual: we may point them to the true Avatar—the Spotless One—the Incarnate God. They have their own avatars, but the lives of their incarnate deities were so demoralizing that if any Hindu in the present day attempted to act as his god is said to have acted, he would soon find himself brought under the penalties of the penal code. There is an Ideal—there is One who can meet the needs and aspirations

of the people in distant lands who are feeling after the truth—there is One Power, only One Power, that can pardon and renew. What is the Church's duty?

J. M. STRACHAN.

LONDON,

December, 1881.

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FROM EAST TO WEST

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Madras—Orissa coolies—A ship on fire—A glorious Easter-day—St. John's college, Rangoon—Visit to a village school and to a Bhuddhist monastery—Bhuddhistic morality pure but inoperative—Shway-Dagon pagoda—Maulmain—A pleasant evensong—Sagacious elephants—Penang opens up to view—A Roman Catholic college—Malacca—Mount Ophir—Singapore—The Cathedral—S.P.G. missions—The needs of Borneo—Hindu and Chinese funerals.

FOR England! What mingled feelings agitate the breast of the exile when it has been determined to seek renewed health and rest in dear old England! On the one hand, the Missionary has for a time to leave the work in which he is so deeply interested, has to say

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farewell to many whom he has learned to love and admire,—and some of the native Christians have a strange way of creeping into the affections—to many who are his children in the Gospel ; whilst, on the other hand, his heart beats the faster at the prospect of seeing friends and relations, of standing on the chief battle-field in the lordly strife against evil, of attending the glorious services in the Church, of which he has read in the *Guardian*, but at which he has never been present, and, mayhap, of taking part in that clash of mind which is so characteristic of both the scientific and theological temper in the present day. A visit to England implies to the Missionary from the Tropics renewed physical strength, sharpened intellectual powers, quickened spiritual life.

The Madras Diocesan Committee having most kindly and carefully made due provision for carrying on my clerical, medical and secretarial duties during my absence, I left Madras in the SS. *Himalaya* for Rangoon,

Burmah, on March 17th, 1880. O the deep, unfathomable rest on shipboard! no postman, no callers, no anxious, knotty questions to consider; just to luxuriate in idleness, to abandon oneself to the "rapture of repose." Fortunately I am a good sailor, so that I cannot say which is preferable—constant grinding work or sea-sickness. After touching at Coconada, Masulipatam, Vizagapatam and Gopaulpore, we turned due east, and entered the Rangoon river at about noon on March 25th. From Gopaulpore we took in 200 coolies of the Orissa race, so interesting on account of their, once maintaining human sacrifices. In crossing the Bay of Bengal we had on board 600 souls. We carried six boats, which on being closely packed might hold 300. It is frightful to contemplate what a scramble for life such a state of things would necessitate in case of a disaster. My own experience is, that very generally sufficient provision is not made for rescuing life in shipwrecks, and I think this is a point that

ought to have the serious and immediate attention of Government.

We were the guests of Archdeacon and Mrs. Blyth during our stay in Rangoon, who were exceedingly kind to us. We were very sorry that the good Bishop of Rangoon was away from his diocese, and deeply sympathised with him in his sore affliction.

The day after my arrival being Good Friday, I preached at 7 A.M. to 500 British soldiers in the Cantonment iron church. Owing to the paucity of chaplains, our Missionary, Mr. Fairclough, is at present acting Garrison Chaplain. At 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. we had services in the Pro-cathedral (a building quite unworthy of being raised to the dignity of a cathedral). It struck me that the solemn day is not so reverently observed by the Europeans as one could wish. On leaving the church in the evening the Archdeacon and I observed a lurid glare in the sky; and as nearly all the houses are built of wood, we feared that some part of the town

had caught fire. On approaching, a scene of indescribable grandeur burst upon our vision—a ship on fire. It was owned by a Chinaman, and had arrived the day before, laden with cocoa-nuts. At first, the flames seemed to be playing with their victim, dancing about, glinting here and there, threading their course as if in some weird dance. Presently they settled down to their stern, steady, remorseless work. Lines of gold crossed and recrossed each other in the rigging; the fair sails, being loosened from their ties, slowly unfolded and gently flapped in the breeze, when in a moment the demon seized them, and for a moment they were sheets of flame; and then all was over. We watched the mainmast for an hour: its stays had gone; but it stood erect, unflinching, defiant. We could almost in our minds invest it with life, and scarce repress a feeling of pity for the noble victim. After a time, however, it leaned a little out of the perpendicular; it then righted itself. Again and again it reeled and

righted itself like a drunken man who has to put forth a conscious effort to steady himself. At last it went over, dragging in its fall half the rigging, and sending up a mighty fountain of hissing, gleaming sparks, as it buried itself in the water.

I shall never forget the Easter-day I spent in Burmah—very busy, but very bright and very blessed. It had been arranged that I should preach at the early service in the chapel of St. John's College, whose able and energetic principal, Dr. Marks, I was glad to become acquainted with. The magnificent pile of buildings, erected mainly by the exertions of Dr. Marks, are worthy of the S.P.G., and form a grand Christian beacon in this heathen land. The Bishop of the diocese, from frequent personal visits, speaks in high terms of commendation of the work being carried on in St. John's College. There are more than 500 pupils in the College, of whom 125 are boarders. These are a motley group, made

up of rich and poor—East Indians and natives, Christian and heathen. This last is a marked distinction between St. John's College and our boarding-schools in South India. There we admit no heathen, on the general principle that it is highly desirable that our Christian children should, during their stay in the schools, be entirely separated from heathen associations and surroundings. In our day-schools we cannot accomplish this, but we try to have a Christian atmosphere pervading our boarding-schools.

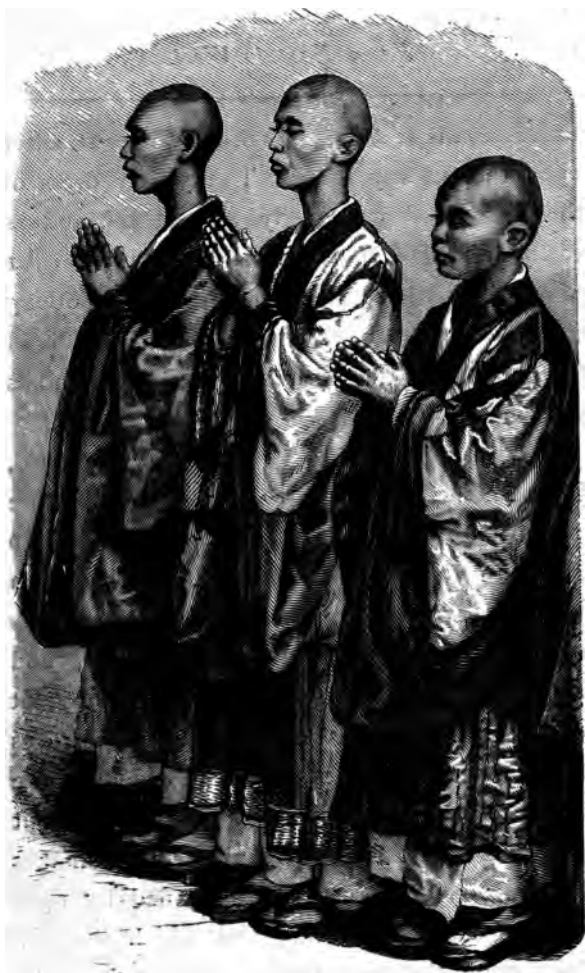
We had a very hearty service on Easter morn. The elder lads marched to chapel, headed by the brass band of the College. The chapel was nicely decorated and quite full, and the choral service was really enjoyable. After service there was just time to reach the Pro-cathedral, where our Easter feelings of gladness were deepened. On the Monday, after early celebration, the Archdeacon, Fairclough, and myself crossed the river in a



View of the River Amazon near Belém.

sampan, entered a creek, and, after a good pull, reached one of the S.P.G. village schools. We found about twenty-five children in a bamboo-built room, being taught by a bright, intelligent-looking young Burmese Christian woman, who had been trained in the school now under Miss Libbis, and supported by the Ladies' Association. The children briskly answered questions put to them by Mr. Fairclough ; they read fluently ; and my impression was that this school must have a salutary effect not only on the children taught, but on their parents and the villagers generally. On our again crossing, we visited another S.P.G. school, picturesquely situated in Kemmendine. This school seemed also to be carried on vigorously. We also visited a Bhuddhist monastery not far from our school. Here a large number of Bhuddhist priests spend their time in religious meditation and total abstraction from the world. The chapel of the monastery was well worth a visit. The altar was very

beautifully decorated, was in really good taste, being marked by a total absence of that tawdriness which characterises nearly every heathen temple I have seen. In front of a large image of Bhuddha, whose features admirably displayed the idea of utter repose, there was a large collection of gifts from the faithful. They were very curious and very various. Strange to say, most of the offerings were of European origin. No doubt the poor deluded devotees felt that they would not give to their god that which was common, or that had cost them nothing, and so had visited European stores to find out what they conceived would be acceptable. There were hanging lamps, two soup tureens, tumblers green and red, plates of different sizes and patterns, a box of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits unopened, &c., &c. I may here add that on all hands I heard the Bhuddhist priests well spoken of. They are accounted lazy, but not immoral. It is the practice of all



BHUEHHIST PRIESTS AT PRAYER.

Burmese lads at some time of their lives to enter upon the priestly office. The yellow dress of the priesthood can easily be put on, and as easily left off. If the austerity and the rules of a holy life become irksome, there is nothing to prevent a man returning to the ranks of the laity. By this, many and divers scandals are avoided.

Bhuddhistic morality is of a lofty standard. Its teaching may be condensed into, Pure words—pure thoughts—pure deeds. But, to attain to this high standard, total abstention from the world and from worldly affairs is required. It is therefore impracticable, and unsuited for the every-day life of the great mass of people. Its very impracticability proves its own condemnation. How different the teaching of the Gospel, which knows nought of secular as apart from religious, which makes the ordinary duties of life, sanctified by right motives, acts of worship, and which flings a glory upon the most trivial acts of man—the

only creature on earth capable of knowing and adoring the Divine.

It can readily be supposed that a people imbued with the high moral teaching of Bhuddha would without difficulty transfer their allegiance to the still higher teaching of Christ. As a matter of fact, however, so far as I could ascertain by inquiry, Bhuddha's exalted teaching has no effect whatever on the great masses of the people. The domestic worship of most of them is not connected with Bhuddhism at all, but consists in the worship of ancestors. Then, again, I am afraid from what I heard that the moral perceptions of the Burmese are very much blunted; that few wish to know the right, and that even if they know the right, there is the want of a moral force to prompt them to follow it. Our blessed Teacher transcends all other teachers, for He not only tells us what is right, but strengthens us to fulfil it.

Rangoon contains the most sacred object of

worship in all the Indo-Chinese countries. This is the *Shway-Dagon Pagoda*. Situated on a mound, embossomed in lofty and magnificent trees, the Pagoda rises by graceful slopes to a point 321 feet high. Underneath are buried (so we are told) eight of Bhuddha's hairs; hence the sacredness of the spot. The whole is heavily plated with gold, and is surmounted by an iron network umbrella, called the *Htee* (pronounced *Tee*). This is covered with solid gold plating, and is inlaid with precious stones. It was presented by the late King of Burmah, and cost 62,000*l.*—a princely gift. The courtyard is surrounded by many lesser Pagodas, varied, but all of exquisitely graceful contour, and by many temples, small but fantastic and picturesque. There are also a number of bells, one of large dimensions, being 7 feet 7½ inches in diameter. The devotees are wont to strike these bells in order to call the attention of their god to the prayers they are offering.

We left Rangoon on April 8th, very thankful to our kind friends for all their kindness, but not sorry to leave a climate more trying and oppressive than ever experienced by us in Madras. On the following morning we stopped opposite the desolate-looking island, Double Island, in order to put off seven men for the lighthouse. These men will be left on the island for six months before they are relieved—isolation indeed, but scarcely more complete than that of many Missionaries, who have to keep the light of the Gospel bright and burning amidst surrounding darkness. On the turn of the tide we steamed up the winding river, passing Amherst, and entered Maulmain harbour in the afternoon. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the situation of this port. It is built on the bend of the river, which looks like a peaceful bay, with a delightful background of hill and dale, trees of dark and luxuriant foliage, and fields of sea-green. On many of the hills gilded

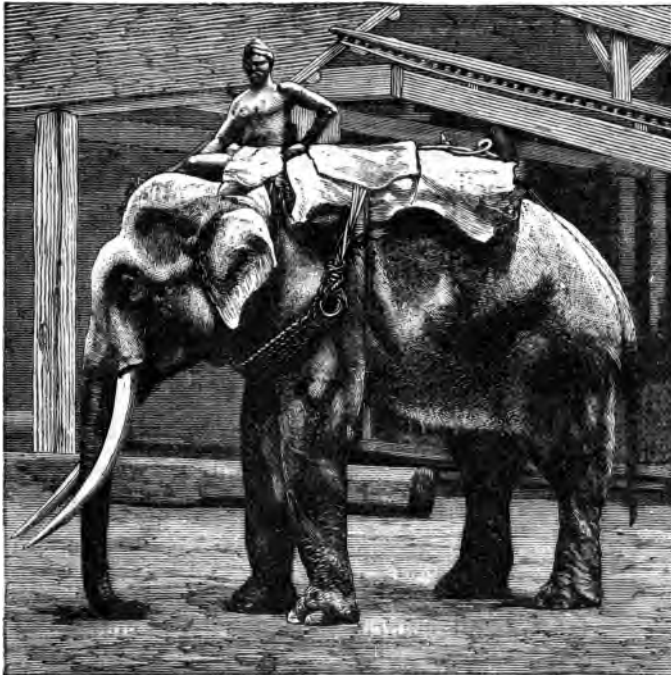
pagodas basked in the sun, and flashed back some of its glory. After a drive of two miles, we came to Mr. Colbeck's house, and had a very hearty welcome from that devoted Missionary. The central room of the house is fitted up with great taste as a chapel, where daily prayers are said. At the time of our arrival they were at evensong. We slipped in quietly, and though we knew nothing of Burmese, we soon found out what part of the service they were engaged in; and it was a real joy to be able to join our fellow Christians in that precious form of devotions, the blessed heritage of our Church. Mr. Colbeck has been here only about three months. He has much to encourage him. Already there are about thirty adherents; some of these, however, accompanied him from Mandalay. It will be remembered that in the early part of the year his life was constantly in peril during the time the massacres were going on in the palace. He was the means of rescuing several

from death. He stood at his post—feeling confident that, after all, the post of duty is the place of safety—until he was compelled to flee by the order of the resident Representative of our Queen. With him fled several native Christians. I had a conversation with one whose adventures were interesting. She had been brought up from her childhood in the palace, and in due course had been appointed one of the maids of honour to the present king's mother. The unbridled fury of the king fell at last upon the poor girl, and she was condemned to die. She with another, however, contrived to escape to Mr. Colbeck's house, where they were for a time shielded. They left with the party who accompanied him; in due time they were both baptized, and now they have both been married to native Christians. I learned the mode of execution of royal personages in the palace. The victims are placed on their backs, and are killed by strokes from heavy clubs on

their windpipes. There seemed a probability that Mr. Colbeck may have to return to Mandalay; and the anxious question arises, Who is there to carry on the hopeful work at Maulmain? Is it to be abandoned? Yes; it must be, unless the S.P.G. ranks are greatly strengthened.

It is in Maulmain that the trained elephants are employed in piling wood, displaying, from all reports, wonderful proofs of reflection, judgment and other mental endowments. They work cheerfully and regularly during working hours, but nothing can induce them to touch a log the moment the bell rings for knocking off work. I am told, too, they strongly object to work on Sundays. How is this to be accounted for? Can it be ascribed to a moral persuasion of the sacredness of Sunday? This seems ludicrous, but it is not unworthy of consideration, *if* we accept Mr. Darwin's theory, that a certain class of actions are to be accounted as moral in

the lower animals, because a similar class



A WORKING ELEPHANT.

of actions observed in man are accounted moral.

Besides the Mission to the Burmese, the Society has two other promising Missions in Burmah. At Tounghoo there are two Europeans and five natives ministering amongst that most interesting race, the Karens; and at Rangoon, where there are a large number of Tamil coolies, there is a Tamil Mission in charge of Mr. Fairclough, with the Rev. S. Abishekanathan, a native deacon. We held a Conference in the Pro-cathedral, at which a goodly number of the Christians were present. I addressed them in Tamil, strongly urging upon them the duty of supporting their native pastor, and of doing all in their power to bring others into the fold of Christ. I had the happiness of accompanying Mr. Fairclough and the archdeacon in order to select a suitable site for a Tamil church. The municipal authorities assigned a site in a fine commanding position, and I trust that very soon the Tamil people will have a church of their own in Rangoon.

I may here observe that, all along this coast, right down to Singapore, there are many thousands of Tamil people ; many of these belong to the class of Lubbies, and are Mohammedans. These emigrants are universally known as Klings ; and no one seemed to know why they were so called. At first most of them came from Calingapatam, and it seems to me probable that Kling is a corruption of the name of the port from which they had started.

On April 11th we steamed out of port, having taken on board a large number of cattle for the Dutch troops in Acheen. A more miserable lot I never saw ; they looked like skeletons which had walked out from some anatomical museum. They were evidently too old to work, and seemed to have long since ceased to eat. I pitied the poor creatures, and the poor soldiers, who, by a strong imagination, might be supposed to derive nourishment from them. I had many agreeable

conversations with a French priest who had been brought close to death's door by dysentery. He had been a Missionary for twenty-nine years in Penang and the neighbourhood. He made the very sad statement that during that long service he did not know of a single Malay (Mohammedan) in Penang who had become a Christian; though happily many of the Chinese dwellers had joined Christianity. Strange to say, he spoke of the Pope and his arrogant claims, in terms which I myself should be sorry to use.

We steamed just outside of a continuous line of small, uninhabited islands, which continually offered some varied and interesting scene to our view. At dawn, on the morning of April 15th, the island of Penang came in sight. We sat, lost in delight, watching the beauties of hill and dale opening out on our nearer and nearer approach. On coming to anchor, I left in the mail boat to inquire for our Missionary, Mr. Courtney,

and was sorry indeed to learn that his house was on the mainland opposite, Province Wellesley, and ten miles inland. Penang has been a British possession for nearly a century. As the Coromandel coast offered no safe anchorage for a fleet in those stirring times when the French and English were striving for the mastery in India, this island was fixed upon by the authorities as having a well-sheltered harbour. At that time it belonged to an English sea-captain, Captain Francis Light, who had received it as a marriage dowry with the daughter of the King of Keddah. The British rule brought increased traffic to the harbour, and very soon a formidable array of pirates sprang up who sallied forth from the opposite shores. In consequence of their depredations, and the difficulty in following up the pirates, a long, narrow strip of land on the mainland was acquired, which is now known by the name of Province Wellesley.

Georgetown is a large, thriving place, containing a few Europeans, more of mixed blood, and a large number of Chinese.

The pepper, cloves and nutmeg trees grow in great luxuriance. We drove out four miles to visit some pretty, rather than grand, waterfalls, and were struck with the rank vegetation through which we passed.

The Roman Catholics have a large establishment in Penang. Here is their seminary for training priests. Suitable young men are sent from Burmah, the Straits, and China. Here they remain for seven years ; their feelings are weaned from home affections, and their minds are (if I may be allowed to coin a word) cosmopolitanized. I was assured that the Baptists have a very prosperous and successful Mission amongst the Chinese in Penang. Our own Mission is confined almost exclusively to the Tamil people ; and from what I gathered is carried on efficiently by a native deacon. There is a vast opening here for more labourers.

Instead of there being only Mr. Courtney and his native assistants, there ought to be ten Missionaries.

The city nestles at the foot of a lofty mountain, 2,700 feet high, which affords a pleasant retreat for many of the merchants from the enervating climate of the plain. Amidst the beauty, grandeur, and luxuriance of nature, there are the immorality, licentiousness, and idolatry of man. It is impossible for Christians at home to conceive the condition of people who are freed from the restraints which religion imposes upon society, even though they may not be greatly influenced by the spiritual life which it inculcates.

On April 16th, after taking in cargo, which consisted of tin, antimony, and rattans, we steamed out of this charming harbour. The weather was oppressively hot; it was impossible to sleep in the cabins. All the passengers remained on deck during the night, and some were able to lapse into a feverish,

restless sleep for a short time. Early on the morning of the 18th we reached Malacca, in order to embark eighty men of the 3rd Buffs for Singapore. Close to the flag-staff there are the remains of a fine Roman Catholic cathedral, standing on an elevated plateau, which formed a noble site for a cathedral. The ground within the walls is now a smooth green grass-plot, with several gravestones arranged in an orderly manner. The earliest date we saw was A.D. 1655. The tower alone stands complete, and this is now used as a lighthouse. After breakfast we went ashore. The small town is clean and orderly, but has a deserted appearance, giving an idea of past rather than present prosperity. Seeing a large Dutch church, and hearing the old familiar strains, we entered the building and were glad of the opportunity of joining in the worship of our Heavenly Father. On returning to the vessel our attention was directed to a high hill in the distance, which tradition says is the Mount Ophir of ancient history, and

where gold is still extracted by a few patient, hopeful Chinamen. On leaving Malacca, we threaded our way through a number of grotesque, uninhabited islands, one of which, however, was used as a lazaretto for lepers. The isolation of these poor wretched beings, condemned to a living death, was, indeed, most complete.

We reached Singapore on April 19th, and having called for letters at the post, drove at once to the Clarendon Hotel, which we found to be clean and comfortable, and which I can recommend to visitors to Singapore. Looking at the port as we were entering, one could imagine it to be the port of the world, so numerous and so varied were the vessels lying at anchor. Here western and non-progressive eastern civilisation meet, the magnificent steamers and ships of western commerce, the sharp and formidable war-vessels of almost every nation, lying side by side with the quaint, cumbersome, and yet

picturesque vessels from China, Siam, Borneo, Sumatra, the Persian Gulf and other Eastern ports. In this respect I should think Singapore is unique.

A handsome cathedral stands near the hotel. Unfortunately it fails to answer completely the purpose for which it was built. It is one of the many instances where acoustic principles have been sacrificed to architectural effect. Articulation is lost half-way down the church, and all that is heard are vague sounds wandering about amongst the rafters.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has a very interesting Mission at Singapore, where there is one Missionary, the Rev. W. H. Gomes, B.D. The property is prettily situated on the side of a hill, and consists of a well-built house in which the Missionary resides, and of a very neat church, which is also used as a school-room, where Chinese children are instructed. There are about 200 Christians. Mr. Gomes holds

service on Sundays in three languages—Chinese, Malay, and Tamil. This Mission needs to be greatly strengthened. At Singapore the Tamils are found in large numbers; they are not found further east. They are so numerous at the different ports we have visited, that I would suggest that the help of the Madras Diocesan Committee be invoked for supplying suitable catechists and school-masters. I think if the claims of these people were laid before the Native Church in Tinnevelly men would be found very willing to go forth to minister to their brethren; and perhaps it might be the commencement of Missionary efforts, which would be the best sign and pledge of matured organisation, and would supply one of the very best reasons for which we might speak of the Native *Church* of Tinnevelly.

I think one of the essential ingredients in the enjoyment of a tour is absolute freedom from engagements. It is a mistake to bind

oneself down to a particular route, or to a definite time. When such engagements are made the traveller has sometimes to hurry off from scenes amid which he would like to linger, or be detained in places in which he feels no interest, or miss altogether visits which he would gladly make. It is delightful to feel now and then, in a busy life, no inexorable impulse, no inevitable destiny, no sense of duty dominating the will, compelling compliance and urging on to a certain course of action. The traveller, if he would thoroughly enjoy his trip, must abandon himself to circumstances; must care naught about such and such a train or steamer; must never be in a hurry; and must feel that he can go when, where, and how he pleases. Such was my happy condition at Singapore. I weighed the *pros* and *cons* of a trip to Australia and New Zealand. This would have afforded me an opportunity of seeing much that is interesting in the Church's work in those important

dependencies of our gracious Sovereign. For, whilst I am thoroughly identified with the purely Missionary aspect of the Society's operations, I can never forget nor fail to take a deep interest in that other, and perhaps more important and imperative work—the ministering to the spiritual wants of those sons of the Church who have ventured forth to win bread for themselves and their children in the colonies of our Empire. As a visit to Australia involved the abandonment of a visit to China and Japan, I gave up the proposal. Making Singapore his starting-point, the traveller has a number of interesting places which he may visit, Java, Sumatra, Manila, Borneo, with which there are regular lines of communication. I should have enjoyed very much a trip to Borneo, from which we were only thirty-six hours' distance. I have always read with the deepest interest accounts of Mission work in Borneo, and when I offered for Mission work, if I had been asked, I would

most willingly have gone there. Mr. Holland, who was in Borneo as a Missionary for two years, and who is now chaplain at the Port



TRAVELLING IN BORNEO.

of Singapore, told us much about the needs and prospects of the Mission. The supreme want of Borneo at present seems to be suit-

able men. Six Missionaries must be supplied to bring the present staff up to what it once was numerically. Here is the largest island in the world, if we except Australia, handed over to the spiritual care of the S.P.G., with a Rajah quite willing and anxious to second their efforts as far as he can. It seems to me that the supporters of the Society have assumed a grave responsibility—a solemn obligation to see that, as far as they can, men and means are found for carrying on vigorously the work of Christ in Borneo.

Having determined to proceed direct to Hong Kong, we steamed out on April 21st. On driving to the docks for embarkation we met a Chinese funeral, which presented a strange spectacle, and was altogether different to what we had become familiar with in India. There, at first sight, one might think he was meeting a marriage procession. The body is often covered in gaily coloured clothes, and lies



MISSION HOUSE, SARAWAK.

under a canopy of flowers. The face is left uncovered, the hair is dressed with care, the marks of heathenism are carefully painted on the face. But the marks of death are there too; and nothing can be more ghastly than to come suddenly upon the scene, and witness the *risus sardonicus* strongly marked on the countenance, and see the head moving up and down with the motion of the bearers, as if nodding to friends and passers-by. It is the duty of the eldest son, or if there be no son in the family, of the adopted son, to set fire to the heap of combustibles which is to consume a father's remains. According to Hindu notions, if there be no son to perform this duty, the soul of the father has a good deal of trouble in the next life. Hence the strong desire for male progeny; and hence, to some extent, the slighting way in which the daughters are regarded. Some time ago, on asking a respectable Hindu how many children he had, he replied, "O, sir, God has been very unkind

to me. I have no children ; I have only four daughters."

The coffins used by the Chinese are very large, very heavy, and in the case of rich people are elaborately carved and decorated. The one we met was being carried (suspended on bamboos) by fourteen men. People going before and behind were scattering what is called paper money. This consists of small pieces of tissue paper, on which there were little dabs of gold and silver leaf ; the idea being to bribe the evil spirits into kindness of treatment, and to pay the way-bills of the departed souls. We had scarcely passed the funeral, when we came upon a policeman taking up a Chinaman. He had him very effectually in custody, having several turns of the Chinaman's "pig-tail" round his wrist.

A few hours after leaving port we turned up northwards, and at once came into a most delightful change of climate. For many years we had endured the heat of Madras ; then we

found Rangoon more oppressive than Madras ; then the moist atmosphere of Singapore seemed to melt out the mineral structure of one's bones, and to make them pliant and flaccid ; so that it was positive luxury to feel cold.

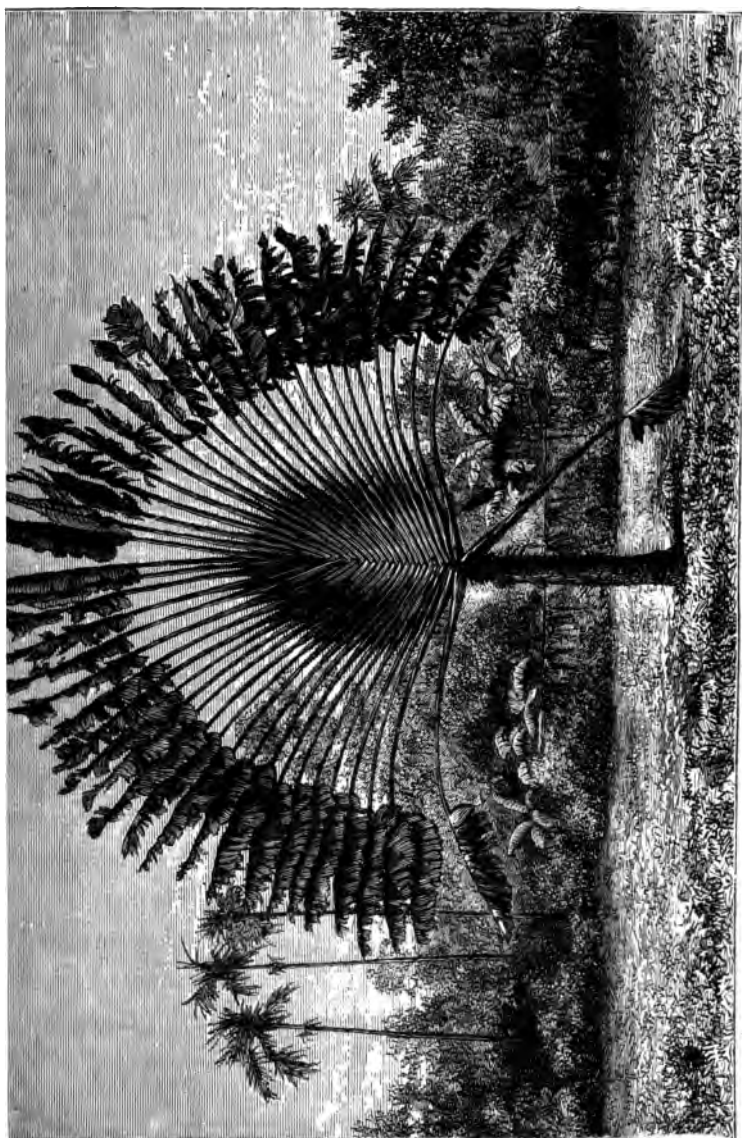


THE BUDDHA AVATAR

CHAPTER II.

Hong Kong—St. Paul's college—The C.M.S. Mission—Canton
—Precautions against pirates—A floating city—The luxury
of a Missionary's house—The neglect of Medical Missions
—Sights of Canton—Old China—The queen of dirty cities
—A Chinese graveyard—Formosa—Mark Tapley's paradise
—Fatal collision with a junk—Shanghai—The cathedral—
The opium barge—Christianity in China—Fellow-passengers
for Japan.

WE had a very pleasant, uneventful passage up to Hong Kong, which we reached on the morning of April 26th. On rounding Green Island, we came at once into the harbour, which looked land-locked. The town is situated at the base and on the side of a hill, and presents a striking appearance to the new comer. The Public Gardens situated close to Government House are arranged in terraces, one above the other;



A FAN PALM.

the beds are laid out in exquisite taste, and the whole forms a delightful lounge for the people of the station. At the time of our visit the gardens were alive with merry laughter and busy, cheery chatter of European children in charge of Chinese nurses, who, with their small feet (though not crushed as those of the Chinese of the upper class), could only wobble about in a most ungraceful manner. Near to the Gardens are the large and commodious buildings of St. Paul's College, where Bishop Burdon resides. This is a Theological College, founded by two liberal spirits many years ago, and which has, alas! had a history, almost unbroken, of failure. Bishop Burdon spoke of it as a cause of constant anxiety; but he was not without hope that certain plans contemplated might render the college as useful to the cause of Missions as it is undoubtedly well adapted to be. The Bishop's heart is thoroughly in Missions, and I thought I detected a tone of pathos, of regret in his voice as he spoke

of the old days, when for twenty years he worked as a Missionary. The designation of the Bishop in "pidgin English" is perhaps not so sonorous and reverential as our own Right Reverend Father; in fact, it sounds rather disrespectful and ludicrous. A Bishop is spoken of in "pidgin English" as "number one, topside, Joss pidgin man." Joss means god, and pidgin means business — and the whole may be translated into—"the highest servant of God." The C.M.S. have a small Mission in Hong Kong under Mr. Grundy, but, unfortunately, I was unable to visit the Mission.

We took a passage in the SS. *Powan* for Canton. This steamer is built on the plan of the American palatial river steamers. As soon as we entered the sumptuous saloon, we noticed that rifles, revolvers, and cutlasses were tastefully arranged around the pillars, and we soon found that these were not for mere ornament. For scarcely had we started when

an officer commenced to load the fire-arms, the cutlasses were drawn, and sentries were placed at the gangways leading from the lower decks. This was all done as a precaution against pirates. Not long before, a number of Chinamen had come on board a steamer as passengers, and at a given signal had murdered all the European officers, thirteen in number, and taken possession of the vessel.

We reached Canton on the following morning, steaming up cautiously amongst a moving city of boats. There were literally thousands of "sampans," on which the families of the owners live entirely. Children are born, grow up, marry and die on board, without ever living on land. The women and children for the most part manage the boats, and they show as much energy and skill in the management of their frail craft as any class of boatmen I have seen. Several of the babies had large blocks of wood tied to their waists, which might act as floats in case they rolled overboard. A curious

effect was caused by a habit which is universal amongst the Chinese, and that is, they paint, on each side of the prow of a junk or sampan, a gigantic life-like eye ; for, say they, how can we see without eyes? and so how can a boat see which way it is going if it has no eyes to see with? The consequence is, that, look which way you will, the eyes of these great monsters are glaring upon you. We took one of these sampans, which was "manned" by three women, and dropped down the river to the house of an American Medical Missionary, Dr. Kerr. Let those who are living in luxury, and who fling from their superfluities gifts to the Church which they never miss, try to realise the scene. The house is situated in the native city, pressed in on all sides by natives' houses. The filth, the odour are indescribable. And here for year after year this man and his family are willing, nay, glad to dwell, just for the love of Christ. I went over the hospital and saw as much of Dr. Kerr's work as I could. I did not

wonder to find crowds flocking to him, attracted by a skill that would have made his fortune at home, and by a kind, winsome and gentle manner that could not but draw out the affections both to himself and to his Christ-like work. Passing strange does it seem that our Church has for so long, so persistently and so completely ignored and neglected medicine as a Mission agency. From my own experience I can testify most deliberately to the invaluable aid given by the exercise of medical skill to the preaching of the Gospel. This is an agency which is humane in character, has the authority of Christ for its employment, and which the history of other Missionary Societies proves to be eminently practicable and useful. I do trust the venerable Society may be led to try this agency in India, Burmah, Borneo and China. A medical Missionary should be on every Mission staff planted at any station which is far from medical aid. This is due to the Missionaries themselves. They are willing to risk their

lives, but it is incumbent on the Church to see that they do not do so unnecessarily. They should be freed from the terrible anxiety which so many at present experience when some dire sickness falls upon themselves or their families when far beyond the reach of medical skill. And by the practical exhibition of the humaneness and love of the Gospel, this Christ-like agency will disarm opposition and will allure many into the fold of our blessed Saviour.

We found very much to interest us in Canton. We started forth in chairs. The streets through which we passed were about four feet wide; each shop had a perpendicular sign-board hanging down, so that the streets seemed even narrower than they actually are. The streets were crowded by men, women and children, hurrying onwards, evidently bent on business rather than pleasure. The shops looked bright and attractive; some of the sign-boards were gorgeous, and many of the shops had a good

deal of gilding and carving in their fittings. Each street has doors across, which are closed at night at a given hour; so that there could never be a general rising and combination amongst the people.

The first place we went to see was the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is in course of construction, and which, when completed, will be the most conspicuous object in Canton. It is built of a pure white dressed stone. The front consists of two towers, surmounted by graceful spires—not very high, for the Chinese authorities had forbidden them being any higher. The length of the building is 236 feet, width 88 feet, and the tower is 80 feet high. Close by there are orphanages and schools for boys and girls. The whole establishment shows signs of life and vigour in the Roman Catholic Mission at Canton. The next place visited was the City Temple or Temple of Horrors. Here, as in all the other temples visited, there was a marked absence of reverence. As we entered we found a crowd of

fortune-tellers, pedlars, gamblers, and quacks. The Temple has its name from the fact that here are represented in life-size groups, persons undergoing various punishments in the next world for sins committed in this—such punishments as grinding a man in a mill, placing in boiling oil, putting under a red-hot bell, beheading, the bastinado, &c. The figures were not well executed, and looked grotesque rather than horrible or revolting. Up stairs we found four images, each having an apartment to itself, and each evidently cared for by some devotee. In front of each image were a cot with mosquito curtains, a bright brass basin and a clean towel for the use of the idol. Before one of them there were several pairs of boots. A few joss-sticks were burning and casting their sickly fragrance around. The bearers took us on a little further, and put us down before a rickety old door. This was at once opened, and without the slightest inquiry we were at once admitted into Panu-Yamen—the prison. We entered

into a small courtyard, and found ourselves in the midst of about forty prisoners. They had no work—some were smoking, some were sleeping. We were soon surrounded by a clamouring crowd, who, in loud and boisterous accents, and with violent and what looked like threatening gesticulations, asked for money. There seemed to be no attempt at discipline, and we were glad to beat a hasty retreat, even into the close and smelling streets of Canton. Our hearts were saddened as we learnt that most of those who had thus surrounded us would be in a short time executed. In passing out we saw three or four women who were imprisoned for stealing children.

Our next place of call was the Examination Hall in which about 10,000 candidates can be examined at the same time. There is a large central courtyard, at the two sides of which are long parallel rows of cells. There are altogether 9,537 stalls. Each candidate has a distinct cell to himself, and is shut off from all possible communication with other candidates. The

furniture of the cell consists of two planks, which slip into grooves in the wall, and which at night form a bedstead. During the examination one of the planks is placed in grooves forward and at a higher level, so as to form a desk for writing. At the further end of the courtyard are rooms for the accommodation of about 3,000 officials, such as examiners, assistants, policemen, &c. The examination takes place once in three years, the subjects being chosen from the Chinese classics only. Western science and Western thought have no existence there. I was informed that it is usual for about 150 to pass out of the 10,000 candidates; and that the successful students have to appear at a still higher examination, for which they must proceed to the imperial city of Peking.

Ascending some dirty steps, surmounted by a gigantic heap of filth, stands the clepsydra. It seemed ingenious in its very simplicity. It consists of three vessels of water placed one above the other, the force of the flow of the

water being regulated by different-sized cocks ; and this force acts upon the works. The time is registered on a face something like that of a thermometer. Not far from this, the bearers put us down in the execution-ground. We found ourselves in a narrow strip of land, 75 feet long by 25 feet wide, having a row of potters' houses on one side and a blank dirty wall on the other. With difficulty could we realize that within this small compass so many thousands had been hurried into eternity. We learn that, in 1858, 50,000 rebels were executed on this spot, and that annually from 300 to 1,500 are here put to death. The Chinese have not any dread of Death, nor do they show much reverence or respect in his presence. I am told that at an execution the lads laugh and shout when a head falls, and that gamblers bet as to which side the head will roll. I saw the cross which is used for doubly-dyed culprits. It is used as a frame upon which to bind the culprit for the purposes of torture. This form of

death is not crucifixion, as we understand the term. In Canton there are 125 temples, four mosques and fourteen Protestant chapels. In this vast city of more than one million inhabitants there is *not a single building belonging to our Church*, except the one in the island of Shamien, where the Europeans reside, and where no Chinaman is allowed to live.

On our return we sailed down the river during the daytime, and were delighted with the ever-varying scenes of alternating hills and dales. Here and there we passed Chinese forts which had been built a few years before, in order to challenge the passage of all foreign vessels. They did not look very formidable, either in size, strength or position. There was a fellow-passenger, a wealthy Englishman, who had been spending some weeks in the interior in purchasing and collecting old china. I confess my æsthetic tastes have not been sufficiently developed to enable me to appreciate the beauties of old china. The old gentleman

treated me to a dissertation on the Beautiful. It seems to me the beauty of old china consists in two points—rarity and costliness.

On May 1st we again set sail northwards. The following day, being Sunday, we held our usual service, which was very enjoyable, though the sea was rather rough, and the weather to us was bitterly cold. Early next day we came to anchor at Amoy. This, as far as my experience goes, is the queen of dirty cities. On landing we proceeded along what seemed a sewer rather than a street. Such sights! such smells! We had carefully to pick our way so as to avoid going ankle-deep into filth rather than mud. We were glad soon to escape from the haunts of man into the great field of nature. There man's senses are not often shocked. In nature the disgusting is not combined with the sublime. Man too often stains the purity and mars the beauty of nature. We wandered for at least two miles on the mountain side, through a mighty city of the dead,

solemn in its silence, and rendered picturesque by the fantastic situation of some of the graves amidst frowning rocks. Here were rich and poor sleeping quietly together. Some of the tombs were very large, massive and costly, and were marked by an absence of ornamentation. There was a severe grandeur in their very simplicity. No European is allowed to live in Amoy; but on a small island close to it a large number reside, most of whom are American Missionaries belonging to different sects. Our Church is not represented here. This city is notorious amongst even Chinese cities for its immorality, bribery and corruption amongst the officials, the very general habit of opium-eating with all its attendant evils, and female infanticide to an appalling extent. It was computed, a few years ago, that 40 per cent. of female infants were murdered by their parents; and this atrocious practice awakens neither compunction nor indignation amongst the inhabitants. It is but fair to add that the Chinese

Government are doing what they can to repress the evil.

On leaving Amoy, we passed very near to Formosa. I could not but recall the terrible tragedy that occurred here in 1840, when 197 shipwrecked mariners belonging to the British ships *Nerbudda* and *Ann* from India were seized, marched off to a plain, and there beheaded. We passed a large number of barren, desolate islands, well adapted as a safe rendezvous for pirates, and soon entered the Whanghai, or Yellow Sea, so called because of the bright yellow colour of its shallow waters, arising from the character of the undersoil. We soon got into the fogs, which are very constant here. For two nights and a day, scarcely without any intermission, the fog-horn was blown at intervals of every two or three minutes. Nothing could be more melancholy and dismal: the engines slowed, the warning horn, the dense fog pressing upon us on every side; the captain trying to look philosophical and careless about the delay,

but miserably failing in the attempt ; all combined to form an admirable situation for people of the Mark Tapley temperament. There was a curious phenomenon which I more than once observed. These persistent fogs are caused by the warm moist winds meeting the cold of these more northerly latitudes. The vapour is condensed, and rests upon the ocean : but the layer of fog is not very deep ; so that whilst all around us we cannot see a distance of more than fifty or a hundred yards, if we gaze upwards we may see an unclouded sun or the sweet calm brilliancy of a midnight sky. This is not unlike that other voyage which we have all to make. Not seldom the majority of us have dark and gloomy days, when doubt and fears prevail, when the sweet music in the soul caused by a holy trustfulness is turned into a wail of despondency, when we cannot see exactly the right course to take, and there is an undefined fear that our frail bark may crash upon some hidden danger. O ! well is it, when in these

awful emergencies of life the eye of faith can turn upwards and see the calm, clear, sympa-

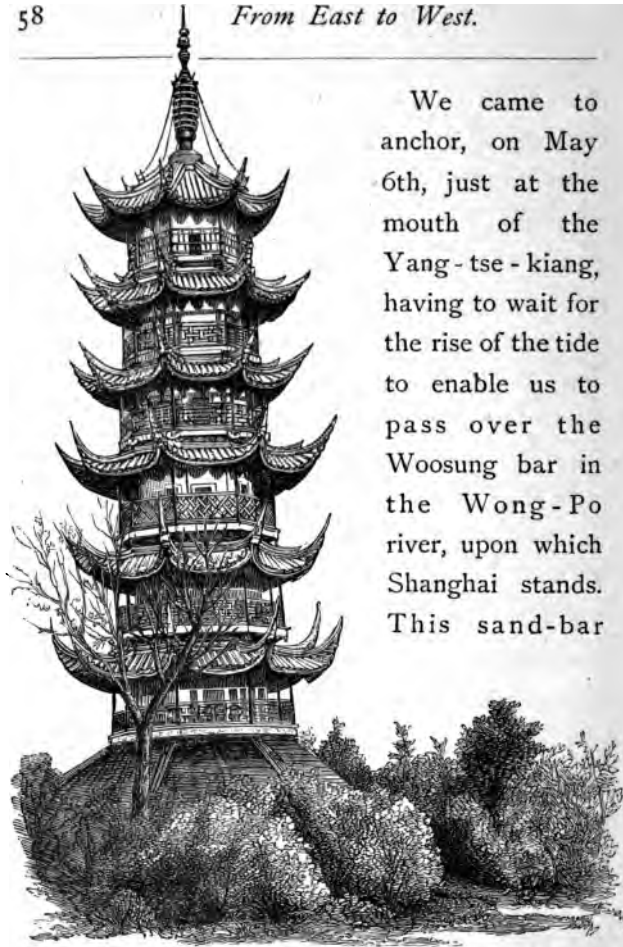


A CHINESE JUNK.

thising eye of our deathless, ever-present Friend.
(Psalm xxxii. 8.)

Our precautions were not unnecessary. We were constantly passing junks, some of them

perilously near. About midnight on May 5th we crashed into one of these. All was at once tumult and excitement. The engines were reversed ; and we had just time to see shattered fragments of the ill-fated vessel floating past at the stern. A boat was soon lowered for the rescue of the Chinamen. O ! it was pitiable to hear their cry of terror coming up out of the darkness. There was one whose cry was specially harsh and specially urgent and pathetic. The cry became fainter and fainter, became more and more imploring, and then ceased altogether. I knew what that meant. I shall never forget the feeling, as I realized the fact that just at that moment a fellow-creature had perished ; so near to help, and yet so infinitely beyond human help now. Out of a crew of ten, the boat returned with five only. It seems that on the junk there was no light, and no man on the watch. Destruction came upon them whilst they all slumbered and slept.



We came to anchor, on May 6th, just at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, having to wait for the rise of the tide to enable us to pass over the Woosung bar in the Wong-Po river, upon which Shanghai stands. This sand-bar

PAGODA NEAR SHANGHAI.

could be easily dredged ; but the Chinese authorities look upon it with favour, as a natural protection and as a formidable barrier to foreign aggression. The city of Shanghai stands a little way from the river bank. It is surrounded by high walls, about four miles in circumference. It differs little from other large Chinese cities, and has no special individuality about it. Fronting the river are the foreign concessions, where the American, the British and the French consuls and merchants reside. Few cities in the world present such a noble row of merchants' houses, offices and warehouses as are to be seen here. The Cathedral, built from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, is the grandest ecclesiastical structure I have seen in the East. We have no Mission here. The venerable Canon McClatchie is the only representative of the C.M.S., besides Mr. G. Lanning, who is in charge of a Chinese school. The American Episcopal Church is well represented here; they have a Theological

College, under the able guidance of Bishop Schreschewsky.

Just opposite our hotel (the Central Hotel) the opium barge was moored. It was very neat and clean, and looked very harmless though it contained the most deadly curse that has ever visited the Chinese shores. For the first time in my life I felt ashamed of being a Briton. I feel sure that the people of England have only to be made fully acquainted with the truth respecting the introduction and maintenance of this iniquitous traffic to raise a cry of indignation that no plea of financial necessity, of political policy, will be able to withstand. And it seems to me to be the urgent duty of the Missionary Societies to make most strenuous efforts for the removal of this, the greatest obstacle to the advance of Christ's kingdom in the Chinese Empire. To do this effectually it is necessary to avoid exaggeration. Indian opium bears but a small proportion to the amount of native grown.

Of the total quantity of opium used in China, perhaps, three-fourths have been produced in the country itself, and only one-fourth has been imported. Notwithstanding the stringent measures adopted here and there, and now and then, and though imperial edicts containing fine moral reflections are from time to time promulgated, there is reason to believe that the authorities, for the purposes of revenue, not only wink at, but encourage the production on the native soil. Still it is a disgrace that the hands of Christian England should to any extent be defiled by a traffic so demoralizing.

Few Christians can contemplate without feelings akin to awe the vast field which China presents for Mission operations; few can realize without something like a shock of shame the meagre, pitiable efforts put forth by the Church for the regeneration of that great people. China contains about one-third of the inhabitants of the world. It is computed that of this one nation 33,000 die every day,

and about one million every month—a mighty throng crowding month by month into 'eternity. China is divided for political purposes into eighteen Provinces; there are Missionaries in nine of these, but they are so sparse that, taking into account all Protestant Missionaries whether American, British, or Continental, there are about one million of heathen to each Missionary; whilst in the other nine Provinces, with an estimated population of one hundred and fifty millions, there is not a single resident Protestant Missionary. Can these figures be true in the nineteenth century? There are at present about fifteen thousand native Christians in China, exclusive of Roman Catholics. We as Churchmen must regard with peculiar interest the recent consecration of a Bishop for North China, and must feel that such a time is a fitting occasion for earnest prayer and strenuous effort on behalf of our Missions amongst this deeply interesting people.

On the morning of May 12th we embarked

in the *Genrai Maru*, bearing the Japanese flag, for Nagasaki. This steamer belongs to the Mitsu Bishi Company, which is composed entirely of Japanese capitalists. They possess a fleet of fine vessels, having European or American officers and Japanese crews, provide a liberal table, with charges for passage-money so moderate as to make their line popular alike with European and native travellers. We had a motley group of passengers in the saloon — Shanghai merchants; Europeans in search of sport, some making the grand circle of the world, whose chief pleasure seemed to consist in being able to say, I have been at such and such a place; American colonels fully alive to the dignity of their titles, yet not altogether oblivious to the claims of business; invalids with shattered constitutions which no amount of "ozone" could ever repair; and the representative of a small European State at the Japanese Court, who befittingly kept apart, as if fenced in by the

awe-inspiring majesty of royalty itself. Then we had two Chinamen, very advanced and enlightened. One had been to Europe, and only hoped he might live again to witness the ballet in Paris; the other knew how to drink a good deal without being apparently the worse for it, and had learnt to swear in pidgin English.



THE VAMANA AVATAR.

CHAPTER III.

Nagasaki—Pappenberg—The planting of Christianity by the Jesuits—The moral of its decline—The uplifted Cross—The Exhibition—A Shinto disciple and Shintoism—Shimonoseki—~~The Inland Sea~~—Kôbe—Osaka—Juta's Hotel—"Young Japan"—The C.M.S. Mission—Osaka Castle—The Royal Mint—Day fireworks—A Japanese play—The jinricksha and kago—Mino falls—An adult baptism—An earthquake—The passport system—A Japanese beauty—Kioto—The Shoguns—Trading in curios—Dia Butzu—A Christian of broad views—A native garden—Shooting the rapids.

AFTER a quiet and agreeable passage, on the morning of the 14th we sighted Nagasaki, situated on the southern horn of the crescent-like group of islands known to Europeans as Japan, but by the natives called Dai Nippon—that strange land of contraries and incongruities; the cynosure of statesmen and artists; the hope of the Christian Missionary. We passed close to the island

of Pappenberg.¹ This is now a resort for picnic parties ; but we gazed with saddened feelings on the cliff over which so many native Christians had been hurled because they would not renounce their faith. This was the final scene in a drama as tragical as any that has ever been acted on the stage of Church history --a drama in which the highest and meanest of our passions were wonderfully portrayed. We see apostolic ardour and heroic devotion winning immense numbers to the banner of the Cross. Soon duplicity and cunning were added to the arms of the Gospel. Jesuits, Dominicans and Franciscans wrangled amongst themselves, and their "unhappy divisions" retarded the very work which each had so much at heart. Political influence was obtained, the secular arm was invoked, the sword flashed from its scabbard, and (O what un-Christlike things are done in the name of Christ) by cruel tortures and butcheries thousands were

¹ See Frontispiece.

not allured, but driven panic-stricken at the point of the sword, into the Church. But the Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of wrongdoing followed, and kept on her relentless pursuit until the very power which had so materially helped to extend the Church, with pitiless and ingenious cruelty exterminated it. "Fire and sword were used to extirpate Christianity, and to paganize the same people who in their youth were Christianized by the same means." The Christians made a final stand in 1637. In desperation they rose in revolt, and fortifying the castle at Shimabara, they made a desperate resistance against veteran forces. At last, after a siege of two months, the castle was taken and 37,000 Christians were massacred, some thousands of them being thrown over the cliff at Pappenberg. From that date Japan remained closed to all foreigners except the Dutch and Chinese, until Commodore Perry of the American Navy, in the year 1853, anchored in the Gulf of Yedo, and with

a calm, resolute dignity and persistency which neither threats nor excuses could alarm or cajole, once more unlocked this interesting country and gave entrance to the rest of the world.

Every episode in history has its moral; and the moral of the planting and uprooting of the Church in Japan, covering a period extending from the year 1549 to the year 1637, during which time about half a million embraced the faith, is pregnant with lessons to the Church at large, and with instruction for every one engaged in Mission work in foreign lands. In the present grave crisis of the Church's history, it teaches the uses and limits of State interference; and from the silence of the buried Church in Japan there seems to rise a voice, thrilling in its vividness—that same Voice which uttered the mystic words in the Judgment Hall, “My kingdom is not of this world.” I have mentioned the above, because it is necessary for those who would

have an intelligent view of Mission work in Japan to understand that there is opposed to Christianity not merely the two religious systems of the country, Shintoism and Buddhism ; not merely traditions and superstitions and habits of thought ingrained into the national character ; not merely the intolerance of its high spirituality which the natural man everywhere manifests ; but over and above these, there is, or was until very recently, in Japan a suspicion, a dread, that Christianity meant disaffection to the Government, and plotting and political intrigue intended to bring the nation under a foreign yoke. This is not a mere imaginary obstacle to the Gospel. For two hundred and thirty years the following proclamation appeared on every village notice-board : "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan ; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command,

shall pay for it with his head." And even after the revolution of 1868, the following notice was posted up in every village: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." It was not until 1873 that these notices were withdrawn.

On rounding Pappenberg we came at once into the lovely harbour of Nagasaki. On all sides were to be seen high and irregular mountains heavily wooded, and with a variety of foliage. The town skirted the beach, but everywhere, perched on some rugged height, or peeping out from some crevice, were to be seen the neat, quaint, picturesque houses of the Japanese. On the side opposite to where we entered is the small island of Decima, where a few Dutch merchants were allowed to live and trade on most ignominious terms. I remembered how for generations that Name, which to us is above every name, had been

scorned ; how at every ford, on every highway, in every place of public resort, Benignity had been denounced and Purity had been represented as stained with crime ; so that men and women shrank from the Divine One as from a malicious evil being, and children trembled at the name of that loving One Who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." I remembered how the Christians had been made to trample upon the sign of the Cross drawn on the ground. Saddened with these reflections, I cannot say how my heart thrilled with joy when, as we entered, the first object that attracted my attention was a gilded cross standing out clear, distinct from houses and trees, as if not of earth, but of the skies, flinging back some of the glory which fell upon it from the rising sun. I saw in it the banner of hope for regenerated Japan. I felt that man may insult and trample upon the Cross of Christ, but he cannot destroy it, or what it represents. It will prevail. It shall be lifted

up and exercise its attractive potency. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

We soon found ourselves on shore, hastening to see a sort of industrial exhibition. This was very interesting, and at once impressed us with the extent, the variety and the excellence of both native taste and workmanship. One thing struck me, that the most beautiful works of art were ancient, whilst modern taste and workmanship had been devoted rather to the development of industrial and domestic articles; as though the iron age of utility has already dawned upon Japan. We then visited a Shinto temple in the neighbourhood. The entrance is through a gateway called a Torii, which we found afterwards to be the case in all similar temples. It consists of two upright pillars of stone or wood, with a cross-beam some little distance below the summit of the uprights, and extending beyond them on either side. It is stated that this

was originally a bird-rest, for the use of birds devoted to the deity; not indeed for sacrifice, but by their song to make music and remind the god of the giver. In a small building we found no idol, but in the place of honour there stood a round burnished metal mirror; whilst from the roof and rudely-carved capitals there fluttered an immense number of strips of white paper, notched at the sides. The place had an uncared-for look about it. It is difficult to find out the precise character of Shintoism. All agree that it contains no moral code. It seems to be allied to Confucianism, as it sanctions, if it does not enjoin, the worship of ancestors. It enjoins obedience to the Emperor or Mikado, as a descendant from the gods, and is well adapted to kindle the loyalty of an ignorant and superstitious people. It is the ancient religion of the country; but though encouraged by the Government, Buddhism has supplanted it in the affections of the great bulk of the people. From the census of 1874, Mr.

Griffis gathers that out of a total population of 33,300,675 souls, Shinto officials numbered 76,119; Buddhist *religious*, 207,669, and nuns or priestesses, 9,326. At Nagasaki the C.M.S. have two zealous missionaries who are working hard and successfully; and besides these, several American societies have agents at work. After visiting one or two shops, and inspecting some tortoise-shell work (for which Nagasaki is noted), which we found marvellously fine and marvellously dear, we returned on board, and were soon under weigh for Kôbe.

Threading our way through several small but pretty islands, on one of which a coal mine with an abundant supply of an inferior coal was being worked, in the evening we came to anchor at Shimonoséki. As this is not a treaty port, no foreigner was allowed to land. The town is of great commercial importance, lying as it does at the head of the Straits which lead into the Inland Sea. It is in direct telegraphic communication

with St. Petersburg *viâ* Siberia, and with England and New York *viâ* Shanghai. In 1863 this place was bombarded, in consequence of a fancied insult to the American ship *Pembroke*; some of the foreign powers at the time represented in Japanese waters combined, and suddenly swooped down upon the place with an overwhelming force; an exorbitant indemnity has been paid over, and the contemptible affair reflects but little credit on the English, American, French and Dutch who were engaged in it.

The traveller who proceeds direct from Shanghai to Yokohama saves two or three days, but loses a sight of one of the beauties of the world—the Inland Sea, which has been called the Mediterranean of Japan. He robs himself of a pleasant memory for life. Having passed through the Straits of Shimonoséki, which are seven miles long, with an average width of about three thousand five hundred feet, we entered the Inland Sea. This extends two

hundred and forty miles in length, and is ten to thirty miles broad. Its contour is irregular, presenting deep bays, sandy beaches, precipitous cliffs, bold promontories. The area is dotted with numerous islets, some being bare rocks, others having a sloping plain of a few acres covered with a carpet of lovely green, whilst others again present to view groves of variegated foliage. In many places the passages are narrow and tortuous, and the steamer has to feel its way cautiously. One sits entranced for hours, as every hundred or two hundred yards of progress introduces new scenes of beauty and delight. The mind becomes absorbed, and forgets the things and cares of life. The heart melts into devotion, and sends forth speechless songs of praise to that heavenly Father Who stoops to please His children.

After a passage which can never be forgotten, we reached Kôbe on the Sunday afternoon, and greatly enjoyed the quiet of the Day of Rest. On the following morning

on landing we found the Hiogo Hotel quite full, and so decided on proceeding at once to Osaka by rail. After a visit to the Oriental Banking Corporation, where we obtained the money we required in the Japanese currency, and after securing a passport at the British Consul's Office, we went by rail to Osaka. The station-master, porters, guards, were all natives; the engine-driver alone being European. The natives were smarter in appearance than in action, being too dignified to be in a hurry.

Arriving at Osaka we went to Jutta's Hotel, on reaching which the proprietor received us with excruciating politeness. Placing one hand on his abdomen, he crouched down as if suffering from stomach-ache; then rising, with the other he seemed to be taking off a cap which was not there. The elaborate ceremonial was repeated three or four times, and concluded by our worthy host seizing his right hand with his left and giving it a good shake.

I shall defer my remarks on Japanese hotels, because this one was conducted after the European style, actually supplying the luxuries of beds to sleep on and chairs to sit on, and knives and forks with which to eat. We are apt to think that such commonplace things are necessities, but we had not been long in Japan before finding out that we could get on pretty comfortably without any of them. But though our Osaka hotel did not offer all the luxuries of a Western hotel, or the charming novelties of a purely native tea-house, it gave us an insight into one phase of Japanese society which we got nowhere else. It was evidently the place of call for the "young bloods" of Osaka—the local representatives of those exquisites, some of whom are found in every large city, and whom naturalists have felt so much difficulty in classifying. They were very free, very gentlemanly, spoke for the most part in idiomatic English, eschewed native dishes, and without exception gave enthusiastic evidence

that they possessed that taste which many of the advanced young men in the East seem to regard as the one distinguishing proof that they have floated away on the tide of Western progress and civilization. Not one of them was a teetotaler. In the evening the public room was crowded with Chinese and Japanese men and women. They were very merry ; and as they kept on their uproarious hilarity till midnight, and there was only a thin partition of tissue-paper between our room and the public room, our rest was a good deal disturbed. I should advise European travellers, especially if there be a lady in the party, to pay Osaka only a flying visit, unless they can be entertained in some of the private houses occupied by foreigners.

A stroll through this populous city, containing about half a million of inhabitants, was full of interest and novelty. It is built on the Ajikawa River, about three miles from the sea. The river divides into several streams,

and these are connected by a large number of canals, which are spanned by over eleven hundred bridges; and hence Osaka has been called the Venice of the East.

One of the first things to strike the stranger in Japan is the diminutive size of the people—the men and women look like children, and children four years old look like babies. We saw an infantry regiment marching past, and they looked like a lot of lads playing at soldiers. The average height, I should say, did not exceed five feet, though five feet one inch is given as the standard height of the Japanese army.

We called on Mrs. Warren of the C.M.S. who very kindly invited us to stay with her. We stopped at her house for a few days, and had the happiness to make the acquaintance of the Rev. H. Evington, whose whole heart and soul seemed to be absorbed in his great work. Unfortunately we had not the happiness of meeting Mr. Warren, as he was absent in

England on a short furlough at the time of our visit. The C.M.S. Osaka Mission was opened in 1874 by the Rev. C. F. Warren, who within twelve months mastered the language sufficiently to be able to preach. His first audience consisted of between sixty and seventy people. As yet there was not a single native Christian. There is something inspiring in the defiant hardihood of these pioneers of the Gospel—their daring trustfulness, that though conscious of their own weakness and unworthiness, their work is divine ; their assurance that its subtil influence shall permeate and purify and regenerate a lost race ; and their calm, confident, triumphant reliance on the promise of Him, Who, speaking of His Word, hath said, "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Osaka ranks amongst the first three or four cities in the Empire. In history, it has been

the scene of many momentous battles. It is a city of great commercial importance; here are gun-foundries, the Mint and other Government workshops. It seems to be the centre of beauty, fashion and gaiety. The castle stands out boldly; it is surrounded by a deep moat, and its walls are built of stones of Cyclopean dimensions, neatly and accurately fitted together without the aid of lime. Originally it was the fortified temple and monastery of the bonzes or Buddhist priests, who in many respects resembled our own fighting priests in the mediæval ages. They entered warmly into political intrigues and struggles, and often encouraged the disaffected, who found a refuge and protection in their fortresses. This led to reprisals on the part of Government. Fortresses were stormed, monasteries were robbed of their costly treasures, and the din of battle broke in upon the sacred silence of the sanctuaries. For years the bonzes at Osaka had encouraged revolt against the great feudal chief Nobunaga,

who had vowed to exterminate their sect. In 1571, swooping down upon Hiyeizan, the largest monastery in Japan, where thousands of bonzes lived a life of indolence and self-indulgence, surrounded by all that nature and art could render delightful, he set fire to the buildings, and his sword destroyed those whom the flames in pity had spared, so that not one escaped. Twelve years afterwards Nobunaga laid siege to Osaka, where large numbers of his enemies, who hated him with an intense hatred, were entrapped. Provisions failing, a famished throng estimated at some thousands, veiled in the darkness of night, and aided by the friendly help of a frightful storm, attempted to break through the terrible cordon that was drawn around the castle. Those who remained were not long left in doubt as to the fate of their comrades, for they saw a junk approaching laden with a ghastly cargo of the ears and noses of those who had attempted to escape. At last, after some twenty thousand had been slain, the

garrison capitulated, and the castle passed into the hands of Government.¹

The regiment we saw would not look very formidable in the presence of one of our Highland regiments, but history proves that the Japanese, when fighting amongst themselves, are possessed of desperate courage. Of course in estimating the comparative valour of races, it is necessary to have an accurate conception of the light in which death is regarded by them respectively. Facing death calmly and deliberately is not necessarily a sign of courage ; it may be even the attitude of cowardice, as in the case of many suicides ; or, it may be an utter indifference to the sanctity of life, as with the Chinese ; or it may be a blind unreasoning fanaticism, which rushes upon death as entitling to reward, as with Mohammedans, who see the approving, glad smile of *Ali*, and the alluring, sensuous glances of heavenly

¹ See *The Mikado's Empire*, pp. 232—5, by W. E. Griffis, M.A.

peris, inviting to a paradise of untold joys. It is far otherwise with a man whose nervous sensitiveness has been exalted by culture, whose mind from his very infancy has been imbued with the awful possibilities that follow upon death, and who, filled with solemn awe, trembles and yet shrinks not, but calmly, consciously, and from a sense of duty, faces an imminent danger. The Christian is the highest type of manly courage and heroism.

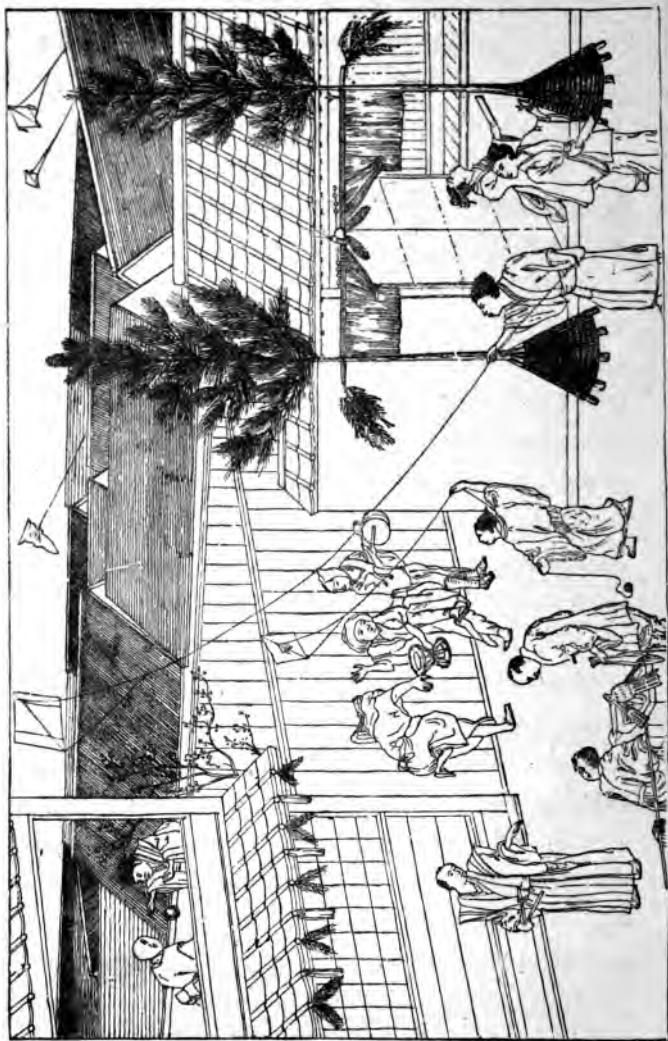
The Government Offices are built in the European style. The Royal Mint with its long Roman façade would be an ornament to any city. We saw die-sinking, assaying, melting, stamping—in fact all the multifarious work of a Mint being carried on by natives only under the superintendence of one European. The plan of Government in this, as in all other departments, has been to secure first-class European or American instructors. The natives are very apt, intelligent and observant, and are good imitators. As soon as the students are

sufficiently advanced, the teachers are dismissed, and the department is worked altogether, or almost entirely, by natives. The Japanese are extremely jealous of foreigners. They will utilise them and then cast them adrift, lest they should get an undue influence or supremacy. There is some danger that this spirit may manifest itself in the native Church, and lead the members to crave for independence from European supervision before they are fully established in our holy faith. The Missionaries in Japan in a special manner require a sound judgment, so that they may know how to guide and control with both kindness and firmness.

The machines employed in the Mint are of English or French manufacture. One could almost imagine the automatic scales to be intelligent, as we see them, without the aid of a hand, weighing and then accurately distributing to one of three receptacles, according as the coin is too light, or too heavy, or exactly right. The image of the sovereign does not

appear on the coin, it being regarded as too sacred to meet the common gaze. No doubt as enlightenment advances this exclusiveness will disappear.

Amidst the business there is always a good deal of fun going on in Osaka. Wrestlers with adipose tissue abnormally developed packed into a cubical space of about five feet, grip each other as if in deadly strife; jugglers swallow swords, balance themselves on wires, make paper butterflies flutter with a breeze from their fans, exhibit feats of strength, and perform many other amazing tricks. Then there are daylight fireworks; amongst other things a bomb-shell is fired off, which when high in the air explodes and liberates a number of animals which float away in the distance—rats running after mice, snakes in their sinuous course, and a variety of possible and impossible animals, some of which, one could fancy, had been copied from that interesting palæontological specimen which now guards the entrance



JAPANESE OBSERVING THE FEAST OF THE NEW YEAR.

to the City at Temple Bar. But the attraction *par excellence* for pleasure-seekers is the theatre, which is open every day in the year from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. As I was anxious to have some idea and to form an estimate of the Japanese drama, I went to see a play in which the most eminent tragedian of the country was acting. The building had no pretensions to ornament. The pit was partitioned off into square boxes with sides about one foot in height, and in these there were about a thousand people sitting on their knees. Nearly every party had their pots, and cups, and food, and had evidently made up their minds to have a day of it. The Japanese, unlike the English, take their pleasure hilariously. There was a general clatter and buzz, and a sort of restless mercurial vivacity about the audience, except when some peculiar horror was being enacted on the stage, when at once the din was hushed, and the impressive silence of a crowd told of breathless attention. The scenery was very primitive, the attire was

gorgeous, and the music consisted of two *sami-sens* (a three-stringed banjo), and of two oblong cubes of hard wood, which on being knocked together did the duty of drums. The actors wanted animation, their enunciation was distinct, occasionally *the* tragedian rose to declamatory emphasis. The female parts were taken by men speaking in falsetto, which always sounds like a burlesque on the sweet music of a woman's voice. The drama was of the usual stamp of love and intrigue, but so far as I could learn was of a healthy moral tone, honesty overcoming villainy, and happiness crowning a virtuous course of action. In the part I witnessed, a grave and reverend judge was proved to have accepted bribes and to have corrupted justice for gain. He was ordered to commit *harakiri*. He looked at his sword and then at his stomach, and did not seem to like the idea. There was a certain pathos in his taking leave of his family and the world. Upon the whole the Japanese theatre compares very favourably

with the Hindu, with its demoralising inuendo and open exhibition of vice.

A party having been made up, we proceeded in jinrickshas to visit the waterfalls at Mino, a distance of twelve miles. The jinricksha is quite a modern institution, being an ingenious adaptation of the "happy thought" of an Englishman who had his arm-chair placed on wheels. It resembles a two-wheeled perambulator with shafts in front, and is very light, very strong and very easy, and a great improvement on the kago, the old means of locomotion. The kago is still in use by those old fogies—some of whom are found in every nation—who hate innovations; we met them occasionally in our rambles, and pitied the wretched people who had to pay for the luxury of such torture. There they were, crouched up in a cage in which they could not sit and could not lie, but could only groan and endure as they were being jolted along at a slow pace by two bearers. After a good deal of clatter in

coming to terms with our runners, we got off with two men to each jinricksha, who throughout the whole run kept up a constant crossfire of badinage. They were not working, they were playing, if we might judge from their fun, their friskiness and peals of laughing. They were short and well built, but from the nature of their employment, the muscles of their legs had been abnormally developed. At first they were decently attired in trousers and coats with cabalistic characters on them; but as they warmed to their work, the coat was discarded, and by and by, the contour of first one and then the other leg became visible, until at last they jumped and frisked and galloped along with very little more clothing on than that which nature had supplied. This tight-fitting garment was in some cases elaborately and artistically tattooed, forming a moving panorama of wrestling gods, flying dragons, and birds looking coyly at each other embosomed in cherry blossoms. They were very merry and good

humoured : once however they had some misunderstanding, but even then they seemed to quarrel with a laugh.

The country through which we passed bore marks of very careful cultivation. The rice fields are much smaller than those of India ; the corn-fields looked more like gardens than fields, and every little scrap of land was being utilised. We had to proceed in single file, as our road was seldom wider than four feet. On this we passed strings of pack-horses shod with straw shoes, and heavily laden bullocks with bells, not on their necks, but on their haunches. The cottages were small, and consisted of a mere thatched framework of wood, the sides being filled in with wattle and mud, and were divided into compartments by sliding panels covered with paper. The villagers rushed out to see the pale-faced strangers, old women, not handsome, comely matrons with open mouths showing teeth as black as jet, young maidens not altogether unconscious that they looked very

pretty and rosy, chubby children with bashful smiles on their faces, all stood grouped together, and gazed and wondered as we passed. After a delightful run of ten miles, crowded with novelties, we left the jinrickshas and climbed the remaining two miles on the side of a lovely valley, through groves of the graceful feathery bamboo, passed many maple-trees, very, very beautiful in their varied shades of colour. We are told that in the "Language of Flowers" of the country, a sprig of myrtle sent to another signifies that as the colour (iro) has changed, so the love (iro) has changed.

At last we heard the music rather than the thunder of the Falls, and we soon saw the silvery line threading its tortuous course down the seamed face of a huge black rock relieved with lichens and ferns. Though there was nothing very striking here, yet one never wearies in visiting waterfalls, for, apart from the surrounding scenery, which is always picturesque and sometimes sublime, and apart from the sparkling

beauty of the sunlit spray, there is always a sense of transitoriness mingled with a sense of permanency. Yes! the ever passing, ever continuing flow gives a more vivid idea of continuance than the stately, changeless hills which stand as silent sentinels around. Perhaps it is because it faintly shadows forth an unending life.

We had the happiness of spending a Sunday in Osaka. The pretty little C.M.S. church was well filled at the morning service, at which there was an adult baptism. I had the great privilege of preaching on the occasion, Mr. Evington acting as my interpreter. The responses were hearty, the singing good, and the Japanese hymns went well with our old familiar tunes. During the day, Mr. Evington's servant, who had long been under Christian instruction with a view to baptism, received that holy rite, and soon after passed away happy and calm in his trust in the merits of his Saviour's death. There is a class of inquirers being carefully

instructed by the Missionary, who hopes that they will all have moral courage enough to avow their convictions and seek admission into Christ's Church. With such devoted men as Mr. Warren and Mr. Evington, we cannot but believe that God's blessing will be upon our Church at Osaka. But alas! the divisions in the Church of Christ are displayed with a painful distinctness before the people of Japan. Besides the Missions of the Greek and Romish Churches, there are representatives of six British and ten American Missionary Societies. In Osaka five different Societies are at work. The Missionaries are obliged to live close together on the land set apart for foreigners and called the Concession. It must bewilder the intelligent native observer to be told that these representatives of the Church Missionary Society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Protestant Episcopal Church, the Evangelical Association of North America, and the Cumberland Presbyterian Mission (American);

have all come to teach different views of dogma, and to emphasise varying forms of Church government and practice as belonging to that one Christian religion which claims to be the one revealed divine religion.

In the afternoon of the Sunday we had a strange experience ; a slight undulatory motion of the earth was felt, not unlike that experienced on shipboard in a rolling sea, but differing from it in the sudden cessation, which caused a jerk, and made doors, and windows and china to rattle. The sensation of an earthquake is indescribable. Providentially there was no loss of life in Osaka, though, as we afterwards learnt, fifteen people had been killed in a village about thirty miles off by falling houses during the same earthquake. From time immemorial has Japan been noted for the frequency and devastating power of its earthquakes. Every province has its own local records and traditions ; and perhaps no country in the world has a more appalling register of fair fields flooded by

burning lava, cities engulfed in yawning chasms or seized by ruthless flames, and numberless lives destroyed by volcano, earthquake, and fire.

After saying farewell to friends rather than acquaintances—such had been their kindness to strangers—we entered our jinrickshas, and the men scampered off, howling, jumping, laughing, dancing through the crowded streets to the station. We had to produce our passports before the tickets were issued. In fact the restrictions laid upon foreigners travelling in Japan are far more stringent than those in China. Strange as it may seem, in that non-progressive country which repels all caresses and defies all threats, and has built up an adamant wall to beat back the waves of Western progress, the “barbarian” may travel unmolested to the remotest parts of the empire ; whilst in Japan, a country eager for improvement, and working out in a few years social changes which other countries would take a century to effect, the passport system

is strictly enforced. Passes are granted to foreigners on the understanding that they are proceeding inland either in search of health or for scientific pursuits. The owner of each tea-house where the traveller may halt must report the arrival on the same day ; and in some cases he has to walk four or five miles to make his report. For this reason many owners of tea-houses would rather not have a foreign traveller in their houses. Though there is no active obstruction to the preaching of the Gospel, Missionaries have to obtain passports on the conditions mentioned above when proceeding beyond the treaty limits. The object of their journey is scarcely for health or scientific investigation ; the authorities no doubt understand pretty clearly what their object is ; but it is greatly to be desired that the terms upon which the passes are granted were somewhat extended. All these precautions are prompted by an intense feeling of patriotism. The influential body called the Jo-i (foreigner-

hater) are in nervous dread lest their lovely country—the garden of the whole earth—should excite the cupidity of some foreign power. Their cry is, “Japan for the Japanese.” They know the impotency of diplomacy, and that in the ethics of nations, “right” lies on the side of superior forces. Formerly the Jo-i met the intruder with insolence and the assassin’s knife; now they write articles, they urge the people to use only home-manufactured goods, and they ingeniously make up articles which in price successfully compete with foreign markets. They are an industrious, peaceful, happy people. They have found that the advent of foreigners in the treaty ports has not been an unmixed blessing. They love their land intensely. Their children are hushed into silence by its legends; almost every mountain is a monument of some deed of prowess, the music of poetry plays about its paradisaical valleys, its Emperor is regarded as an incarnation of deity whom they are taught

to worship. Can we wonder if they love their land as if it were a personality, with a passionate, burning love?



A JAPANESE LADY.

Sitting opposite to us in the railway carriage was a young lady who had evidently made a very careful toilet that morning. Her face and neck had an artificial fairness, and her

cheeks an artificial bloom. She wore a richly embroidered dress, with a delicate rose-tinted inner garment which just showed its presence. The sleeves of the dress were large and square, from one of which ever and anon she took a paper pocket-handkerchief. A bright-coloured girdle surrounded her waist, terminating behind in a gigantic bow forming a sort of pompadour. She was pretty, vivacious and modest. She frequently drew from her girdle a small and beautiful pipe, the bowl of which would hold about as much tobacco as would form, if rolled together, a pill of ordinary size. Japanese tobacco is very neatly cut, but it is insipid, and has no attractions for one who knows the cunning allurements of a good "Trichinopoly." Whilst on the subject of dress, I may add the Japanese costume often strikes the stranger as being fantastic and grotesque, and yet as being appropriate and in good taste. It is far more attractive than the hideous wide trousers and loose jacket of

the Chinese ; but for grace and the artistic blending of colours it cannot be compared for a moment with the clothes worn by the women of India. Unfortunately in Japan the people wear high clogs, which require something like an acrobat's skill in using. The gait is most ungainly ; the feet are slipped along rather than lifted in walking ; the body is thrown forward, and progression seems to be secured by successive attempts to avoid falling forward.

After a very pleasant ride, through scenes abounding with novelties, we reached Kioto, in many respects the most remarkable city in the Empire, it having been, as the name implies, the capital, from A.D. 794 to the year 1868. For nearly eleven hundred years it was the abode of the sovereign ; the scene of the intrigues and escapes and victories of the oldest dynasty in the world. It may be of interest to explain the dual form of government which prevailed for so many centuries in this country.

Up to about the twelfth century the power of the Mikado was supreme. Gradually feudal lords (daimios), gathering around themselves bands of daring retainers (samurai), assumed an attitude of semi-independence. One of them, Yoritomo, more powerful than the rest, in A.D. 1143, whilst acknowledging the Mikado as ruler, established himself in Yeddo, and assumed the government of the country. Under the name of Shogun (general), he thus initiated a rule which extended over 700 years. During all this time the supremacy of the Mikado was maintained, but his form was too sacred to meet the gaze of the rabble throng; his office too exalted to be troubled by the petty details of government; and so it came to pass that the Shoguns who carried on the affairs of State were practically the rulers of the country. The other daimios, however, jealous of the position of the Shogun, one of themselves, began to dispute his authority and to intrigue—they raised the cry of king and

country, and, joining the imperial troops, after several desperate encounters they wrested the sceptre from the usurper, who had wielded it for 700 years. The *coup de grâce* was really given when, in 1865, Sir Harry Parkes insisted on presenting his credentials as British Minister to the Mikado, refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Shogun. The seat of government was transferred from Kio-to to To-kio, the eastern capital, the name by which Yeddo was henceforth to be known.

Kioto is charmingly situated in a valley almost encircled by lofty hills. It is evidently one of the cathedral cities of Japan. Wealth and devotion have erected numerous temples and monasteries in spots of surpassing loveliness—so near to the throbbing mass of life, and yet in their seclusion, in the gothic aisles arched by fantastic and majestic boughs leading to the shrines, and in the solemn silence which at once commands a reverent feeling, they seem far, far away from the din and

bustle and struggles of every-day life, as if standing on the very borderland of the spiritual world. I have noticed in all the countries I have visited that in times gone by, whilst warriors chose the craggy steeps for their fastnesses, the priests frequently selected spots marked by variety and beauty of scenery. May not this be accounted for by the fact that religion develops the taste for the beautiful? The highest efforts of genius in music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, have generally been the expression of religious impulses. This is specially true respecting Christian art; and in this day, when so many are prepared to look to civilization as the regenerator of a debased nature, it is well to remember that Christianity softens, refines and ennobles. (Prov. xiv. 34.)

We stopped at Jutta's Hotel, which was clean and comfortable, and where the charges were reasonable. This hotel, like that at Osaka, kept by the same proprietor, possessed the

luxuries of doors and windows to the rooms, and of chairs to sit on, and of knives and forks to eat with. We were actually allowed to keep our boots on in the house; so that it will be seen at once that this is but a degenerated form of the Japanese hotel pure and simple. Amongst the visitors at the hotel were Chinamen, Japanese, and a large number of Americans. Most of these latter had come to trade in curios. They approached the enemy cautiously. The dealers were invited to dinner, champagne was freely drunk, and then over cheroots and pipes the subject was casually introduced, just as if the gentlemen had dropped in for a few moments, and had not come thousands of miles for the very purpose of dealing. I had an opportunity of studying human nature. It does not appear at its best in the process of bargaining. The duelling was carried on with great spirit and unruffled good humour. Skilful thrusts were met by wary parrying, and I cannot say which had

the best of it in the encounters. The prices asked were extravagantly high. The dealers reminded me of our Hindu hawkers who invariably ask four times as much as they intend to take, because they know the Mem Sahib is sure to beat them down to one-fourth of what they ask. The goods brought for sale were certainly very fine. They were the products of a bygone age in which genius was willing to linger over elaborate details, caring more for name than for money, a time when daimios gave constant employment to artists, who with intense earnestness wrought all their love and passions into their work, so that every piece has its own individuality and attraction. The seductive prices offered by Europeans and Americans have drawn these treasures from the palaces of daimios, impoverished since the revolution; and bronzes, ivory carvings, lacquer-work, and pottery from Satsuma, Kaga, Kioto, Tokio, are being scattered throughout the mansions of Christendom.

On account of the increasing demand and the decreasing supply, the prices are advancing every year. Of course imitations abound ; but these are the work of artizans and not artists, blurred copies of the cunning craft of genius, like loom-made lace, the work of machines, not of brains. Japanese art is rapidly degenerating, because of the unreasoning and indiscriminating craze for everything Japanese which at present seems to exist everywhere.

We visited several of the temples in the neighbourhood. Some of them were merely show-places which people visited out of curiosity, rather than with the object of worship. The approach to such places of resort resembles a fair. There are booths with wax-works, studios where you may be photographed for a penny—but in such a way as would lead you to suppose the sun had made a mistake and photographed some one else—sweetmeat vendors, toy stalls, whose almost endless variety become at once the attraction and the despair

of crowds of children who want everything and can fix on nothing, shops with European stores made in Japan, nuns selling sacred beans, and peas, and rice to feed the sacred pigeons that abound in the precincts of the temples, fish vendors with the feelers of the octopus wriggling about as they frizzle in oil over the fire—all these fascinations are not lost on the moving throng made up of all classes. The people are uproariously jovial; and what with din, sights, smells, and dirt, one is rather agreeably surprised to find that he escapes from the crowd with at any rate some of his mental faculties unimpaired. Such a show-place was the temple of Dia Butzu (great Buddha), which contained a gigantic image forty feet high, of the shoulders and head of Buddha. It was made of wood, and had been gilded, and was not very artistic in execution. By a rickety bamboo staircase I ascended to inspect the inside of the cranium. I found the brains were made up of cross-beams, wood

and nothing more. Another place of popular resort is the temple of Sanjusangendo, which has no pretence to architectural effect, but is remarkable as containing three thousand and thirty-three idols. They were about five feet in height, arranged in long rows, tier upon tier. They were all gilt, exactly the same figure, and the face bore not an unpleasing insipid smile of inanity. Very different were other temples visited, in which there was a calm quietness inviting to reverent feelings, where the silence was broken only by the low monotone of a priest in his devotions, or by the sweet gentle music of flowing water. In such places regular services are read daily, and large numbers of the devout attend. A gentleman in our hotel, when in his morning walk, was passing a temple, and hearing priest and people employed in public worship, was induced to enter, and was deeply impressed with the scene before him. The priest was intoning from a scroll, and the people with

faces close to the earth were responding as in a litany. I shall not mention the gentleman's nationality ; suffice it to say, that he bore a high military title, and had come to Japan to try to induce the Government to adopt some drain-pipes in which he was interested. On his return to the hotel he said he had never been more solemnly impressed in any Christian place of worship. He put off his shoes as if on holy ground, he threw his offering into the box, and kneeling down amidst the worshippers, like them with face to the ground, he poured forth his morning prayers. I could not but characterise this liberality of religious sentiment as both misleading and unprincipled. It is one thing to tolerate, to pity, to abstain from wounding feelings, but it is another thing to encourage by any act of ours a system which is an insult alike to reason and to God.

We had an opportunity of going through the grounds of a rich daimio. They were not extensive, but the art which conceals art had

combined with nature most successfully in producing a landscape that was simply charming. The natural hills were clothed in heavy foliage. Cherry blossoms, camellias, chrysanthemums, bloomed on artificial hillocks; a waterfall scattered its silvery spray over moss-grown boulders, and the water splashed through stones as a cascade, and then slept quietly in a lake. Grassy slopes, velvet lawns, craggy steeps, sylvan bridges, all formed a scene of sweet confusion delightful to contemplate. The Japanese landscape gardener has studied nature; it abhors straight lines, precision; it revels in disorder; it scatters its seeds promiscuously, not in rows; its channels are tortuous its boundaries are curves. There is to our puny finite sight what seems a general want of arrangement. This principle of irregularity is here faithfully copied with an entrancing effect.

In passing through this ancient city one is struck with the absence of ruins; and the

same remark applies to nearly every place visited. This may be explained by the fact that nearly all the buildings are made of wood, which decays and leaves no trace behind. It must be a great loss to a nation to be deprived of those lasting monuments of bygone days which perpetuate the deeds and names of heroes, and which remind of vanished glories. The nation is to be pitied that has no ruins in its midst.

By agreement with Mr. Evington we met him twelve miles out of Kioto in order to shoot the rapids on the Katsunagawa river. After pleasant greetings, we, with our jinrickshas and men, climb into a long narrow fragile-looking boat. We are in shallow water, but by means of poles are soon carried into the stream. The elastic planks yield as they grate along the stones in the bed of the river. Gradually the river narrows and the rapidity increases. Our boat plays and dances on the surface, whilst we are lost in admira-

tion as we are being hurried through scenes of awful grandeur. Our boat now wants guidance; two men stand in the bows with bamboo poles, three men are in the stern. Presently the babble of the stream heightens into a roar. We look ahead, and have to look down hill, and see the water dashing amongst boulders, and before we have time to think, our boat has passed the first of the series. With a feeling of relief and thankfulness we glide into quieter waters, but only for a moment. Again are we dashing along, the plaything of the current; the waters hiss at us as we pass, the bows dip, and we are unseated; splashes fall upon us like great fingers feeling for their prey, the boat writhes, and bumps, and staggers, and passes on. We are thankful for a momentary breathing time, but soon plunge into fiercer waters. We look down ahead, and there, right in mid-channel, stands a huge rock against which we must be dashed. On either side is a

narrow channel where the waters beat themselves into tumultuous fury, and seem in a rage that any one should dare their power. The supreme moment arrives. The boatmen stand calm and ready. Just as the boat is rushing on the rock, just at the right time, quick as thought they fix their poles, which bend—will they break?—under their weight; the frenzied waters dance about us, and seem to be screaming with delight at the certain fate of their victims—seem to be battling among themselves to crush and destroy us; but we escape, the boat just rounds the rock; and in a moment we have left roar, and excitement, and danger behind, and glided into tranquil water. Our first thought is, this must be heaven, this must be like that great peace and quietude which the child of God experiences when the rush of life is past. O the unimaginable ecstasy of that calm rest, when the struggles of this mortal life are over! No more tears, no more sorrow, no

more attractions from sin, nothing to jar the music of thanksgiving, as the soul stands in the full presence of Him Whom it has loved so well.

I regret to say that in this large and important city of Kioto—with its five thousand temples, its thousands of priests, its numerous monasteries, its Buddhist Training College, with six hundred students—our Church, the wealthiest in the world, has taken possession of not a foot of land for the Saviour of mankind, and has commissioned no soldier of the cross to preach the Gospel of peace and purity to fallen men. Two devoted men belonging to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have gathered together a small congregation. There is room for more workers. Let our universities, let our homes say, we will not merely provide the means, we will send forth the very flower of our ministry, men filled with the power of the

Holy Ghost, who will lay siege to the heart of Kioto, and not rest until it is seized, washed, sanctified, and ennobled by the blood of the Redeemer.



THE KALKI AVATAR.

CHAPTER IV.

Japan continued—S.P.G. Mission at Kôbe—Waterfall—A scene of enchantment—Yokohama—Hotel touts—Flag-ships and their salutes—Visit to a girls' school—Japanese babies—Tokio—Skidji Concession—A great fire—Lively scene in a street in Tokio—Shoguns' tombs—Asakusa—A prayer wheel—Enoshima—A tea-house—Milk used only as a medicine—Eating eggs with chop-sticks—First sight of Fujeyama—A poem without words—Kamakura—Dia Butzu—The plains of heaven—A tea plantation—A Japanese bath—A funeral—Silk rearing—A bishop's palace—Missions in Tokio—The Greek Church—The prospects of the Faith in Japan.

ON Tuesday, May 25th, we returned to Kôbe by train, where we found Mr. Hughes, the S.P.G. schoolmaster, waiting for us. Unfortunately we did not meet with Mr. Foss, as he had left for England on a twofold errand—the one a very melancholy one, and the other what many would regard as a very joyous

one; but we went to his house, and heard and saw enough to assure us that our little Mission station at Kôbe, with its large school premises, promises well. I visited the schools where a number of youths are boarded; and there can be little doubt that the Christian influence under which they are constantly brought in their daily life must modify character and prepare for future usefulness. I had just time to go out and see the Kôbe waterfall, which is remarkable chiefly in my opinion for the wonderfully picturesque valley into which it thunders. Being near a large town there are numerous tea-houses perched on bold ledges of rock or shrinking into and just showing their presence at the opening of caves. As we passed, fair damsels painted and powdered, begged us to dismount, and with glances and tones which we were able to resist, offered us refreshments. In the evening we embarked on the SS. *Hiroshima*, and soon passed from the Inland Sea into the

Pacifië. There is generally at this point a good deal of tossing, but on this occasion the mighty ocean did not belie its name. After dinner we sat some time simply entranced with a scene of enchantment I have rarely seen equalled. We were passing through a phosphorescent field—all was aglow with a fiery brightness. The water dripped from the paddle-wheels in gems, and each wavelet was tipped with gold, except when our red lights glanced upon them and caused an opalescent play of colours; we passed Breeze Island sufficiently near to discern, though a dark night, a heavy sullen cloud of smoke rising from its volcano, and came to anchor in the Yokohama harbour about seven o'clock next morning.

There was a haze over the land which shut out from our view Fujeyama—the stately monarch of the island—but we could discern the villas of the foreigners on the rugged eminence called “the Bluffs,” in front of which is the “Bund,” which has evidently

been reclaimed from the sea, and where are the houses of business and the offices of the consuls; and then to the right the Government offices and the native town. In approaching a town where one is a stranger, it is always well, when practicable, to fix on your hotel before arrival. The offers of hospitality made by the "touts" are oftentimes overwhelming and most bewildering. If the traveller hesitates and shows the slightest disposition to weigh the conflicting advantages offered, and then to act on his own discretion, he is doomed. His case becomes hopeless, and he generally surrenders to the loudest and most impertinent assailant, who usually represents the hotel that has the least comfort to offer. There are several hotels in Yokohama; the two principal ones are the Grand and International, both of which are good. We went to the Grand, where we were very comfortable, and I can recommend this hotel for travellers. The harbour was gay and busy, having amongst many large vessels

the English, American, Russian, and Japanese flag-ships. These innocent-looking engines of death soon gave other than ocular proof of their presence. The saluting that went on during the day was deafening. Naval etiquette is very punctilious. When a man-of-war comes in it salutes the port, and the port acknowledges the compliment by returning another salute. Then the man-of-war thunders out its compliments to the naval representative of the country close by, who at once responds in a similar way. In a short time the officer in command pays a visit to his neighbour, and is received with a salute, and, after a few moments, a similar one announces his departure ; and finally two salutes mark the arrival and departure on the return visit. All this firing is emphasised at Yokohama by reason of a loud and distinct echo which duplicates the noise. No doubt it was the proverbial insular pride that led me to imagine that the firing of the British flag-ship was quicker

and more regular than that of the other ships.

The cosmopolitan character of Yokohama is at once observed. It resembles Singapore in miniature. It is difficult to realize that it was made an open port so recently as 1859. Now almost every country in Europe is represented here in trading firms. The Americans, however, equal all the others put together except the British, and these are three times as numerous as the Americans. It is an evidence of British enterprise to find that the British firms in the five open ports—Yokohama, Tokio, Kôbe, Nagasaki, and Hakodati—almost equal in number those of all the other nationalities put together. Their earnestness as traders is unquestionable, but the meagre efforts put forth for the evangelization of Japan by the Church of Great Britain is a lamentable commentary on their Christian earnestness. For instance, in Yokohama, whilst there were the agents of seven American Missionary Societies at work, the Church of England

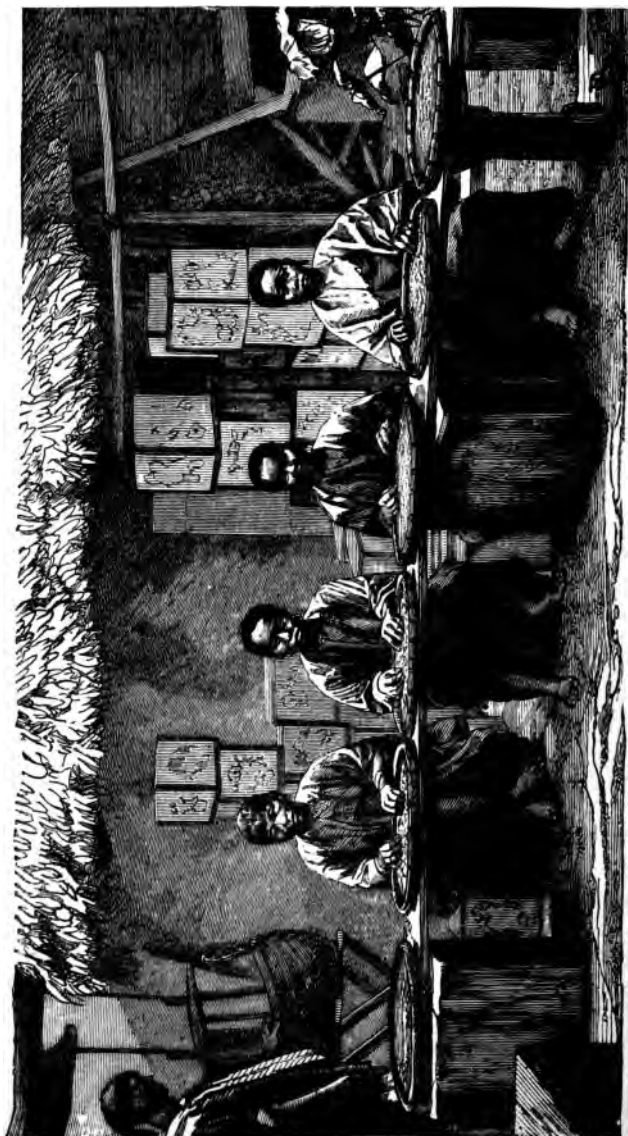
had no representative ; nay, not one Protestant Missionary Society in Great Britain had a single agent in this important port, if we except Mr. R. Lilley and Mr. Thompson, who so zealously represent the National Bible Society of Scotland. I had the privilege of preaching in the English church, in the chancel of which the affluence, the reverence, and the taste of Mr. Garratt, who was for some time chaplain here, are permanently enshrined. We could not have the usual service, as the organist had "struck," because he was not allowed to select the hymns. Perhaps clergymen in charge of English parishes sometimes have trouble with their choirs.

Some of the American Missions are paying attention to female education. They have boarding-establishments, to which they succeed in attracting members of the respectable classes ; and they have a great advantage over similar work in India, where Hindu social customs will not allow girls of the higher social scale to continue at school much beyond ten years of age.

As long as this system prevails, we must there depend, to a great extent, on the important work of the Ladies' Association in the Zenanas. In Japan there is no such scruple. Young native ladies are brought under the constant, daily influence of earnest-minded Christians. Who can doubt that their whole character must be exalted? Who can help praying that they may grow into the comeliness of the Christian character? I visited one of these schools. There was an air not merely of comfort, but of cultured refinement about all I saw. I was asked to examine the senior class, and it may surprise English readers to learn that out of the list of subjects studied, I selected three—English, Chemistry, and Butler's *Analogy*—upon which to ask them questions. The pupils acquitted themselves very creditably, and gave evidence of both careful and intelligent teaching.

Although the Japanese are exceedingly jealous of European interference, they are not unheedful of the advantage of European business. They

do not like imports. They ingeniously copy European products, and are able to undersell, but they do not object to exporting their own manufactures. At the same time they are obliged to rely upon foreign markets for cotton and woollen goods, which make up half the amount of their total imports. Their chief exports are silk, tea, copper, coal, and rice ; to which must be added an ever-increasing quantity of porcelain, china, bronzes, ivory carvings, and other curios, which are now so much in demand both in Europe and America. Nearly all the tea is sent to America. The tea is prepared and packed for exportation in Yokohama. You can always tell when you are near a tea firing-house, by the babbling of the women's voices inside, and a congregation of babies outside, which look exactly like a number of Japanese dolls. One seldom hears a Japanese baby cry. They are ruddy, plump, joyous, and quaint, and it is only when they see the awful visage of a white man that a solemn gravity creeps over their



TEA SORTERS.

countenances, and they look as if they thought they were gazing on a demon. As they emerge from babyhood all this passes away, and the children laugh and clap their hands and shout in ecstasy in answer to the genial smile and nod of the European.

I have already stated that, on the rightful supremacy of the Mikado being recognised in 1865, Tokio became the Imperial city, and it is in every way worthy of the distinction. Its historical associations, its extent and its enterprise, entitle it to be the Metropolis of the Empire. We were most kindly and hospitably entertained by our Missionary, Mr. Wright, who lives in the Concession at Skidji where the non-official Europeans are huddled together and are compelled to reside. Here, more markedly than even at Osaka, the glory and the shame of a divided Christianity—the zeal and the schism of the Church—stand out conspicuous before the Japanese. In close proximity are the houses of Missionaries

representing twelve different societies; seven belong to the United States, one to Canada, three to England, and one to Scotland. Besides these are Missions of the Greek and Roman Churches. An intelligent native must look with bewildered astonishment at the diverse Church organizations, at the doctrinal differences, at the various ways in which divine worship is conducted; and may well exclaim, Can all these belong to that Church which boasts of one Lord, one faith, one baptism? Is there an unity in this diversity? Is each but a facet of the pure, flawless gem of divine truth? Can all be right? I should think that the Church of England in no Mission field has men more earnest and capable than those employed in Japan; but to assume her rightful position their numbers must be greatly increased, if her claims to be the legitimate offspring of the Apostolic and Primitive Church are not to be regarded as arrogant, and if she does not ignore her responsibility and authority.

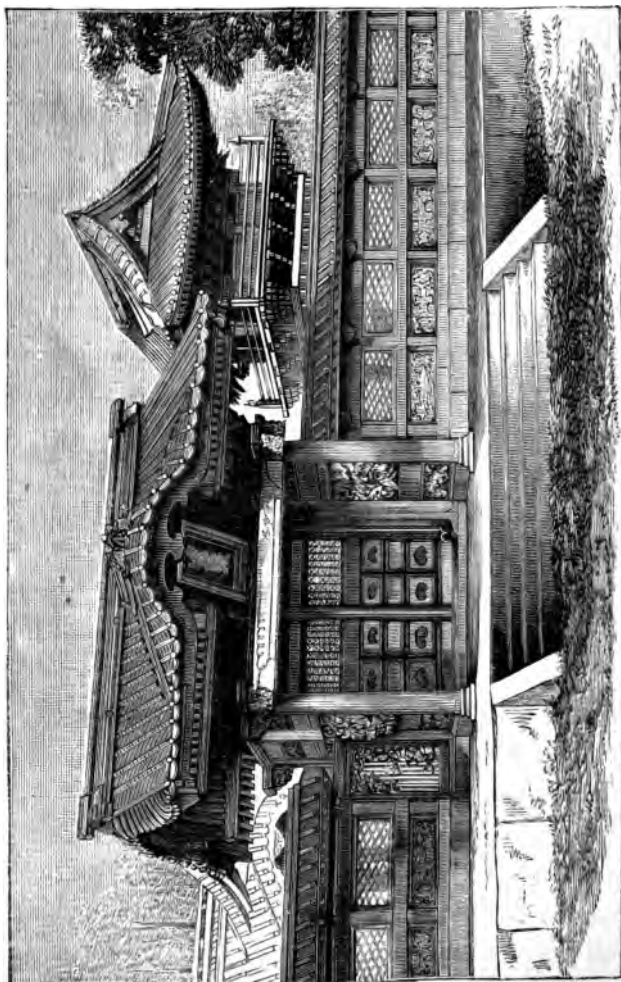
Mr. Wright's house stands on the very shore of that great sea of fire which in 1879 burst in upon Tokio and overwhelmed 10,000 houses; an overruling Providence said: "Thus far shalt thou come and no further," and the Missionary's house and family were safe. They were rebuilding the town, running up houses made of light inflammable pine-wood and paper panels, except here and there a merchant's warehouse was being built of mud and rendered fire-proof. Many are the precautions against fire; watchmen walk the streets at night, shouting ever and anon, "Look out for fire," and lofty fire watch-towers are numerous; but considering the character of the houses, one wonders not so much that fires are so frequent and destructive, as that they are not more frequent and destructive.

The principal street in Tokio is wide and handsome. The shops are for the most part built of stone and brick. The pathway is crowded, flags are flying, grotesque paper

lanterns flutter in the breeze, the roadway is crowded with jinrickshas, kagos, omnibuses, horses, and coolies; the whole having a most animated appearance. The upper classes walk bare-headed, with fans stuck at the back of the neck, and tobacco-pipes and pouches in the girdle; they wear shoes made by the carpenter; the poorer people walk in straw shoes, and many wear head-coverings like an inverted washhand basin. Not seldom do we meet men who have adopted European costume, faultlessly correct. One having paid a visit to his "Poole," mounts his horse on the right side. The police saunter along with staves nearly four feet long, and nearly as long as themselves. The omnibus horses are miserable creatures, and are a disgrace to the city. Priests are seen in their spotless muslin and with their calm passionless faces; nuns pass in their dirty robes, and beggars with piteous cries or in silent appeal try to awaken sympathy. Animated dolls in the form of children toddle along. The natives are evi-

dently very fond of their children, as is proved by the number of toy-shops and sweetmeat-shops. Officers very neatly and very becomingly dressed in blue and gold have successfully emulated the military swagger which some Europeans affect. Friends meet and have to undergo the painful ordeal of a salutation, preceded in some cases by a curious habit, the taking a long and audible inspiration of the breath as if joyfully inhaling the fragrance of the friend's presence. The whole forms a scene full of novelty and full of suggestions. The impressions made upon the Western mind by a walk along this street and a view of its shops and passers-by, are oddity, intelligence, culture, inventiveness, imitativeness, progress, good-humour, and self-assertion.

There is much to interest the stranger in Tokio. The tombs of the Shoguns at Shiba are well worth a visit. Approaching through a long avenue of trees we entered a courtyard crowded with large and massive stone lanterns, some



SHIBA. TEMPLE GATE.

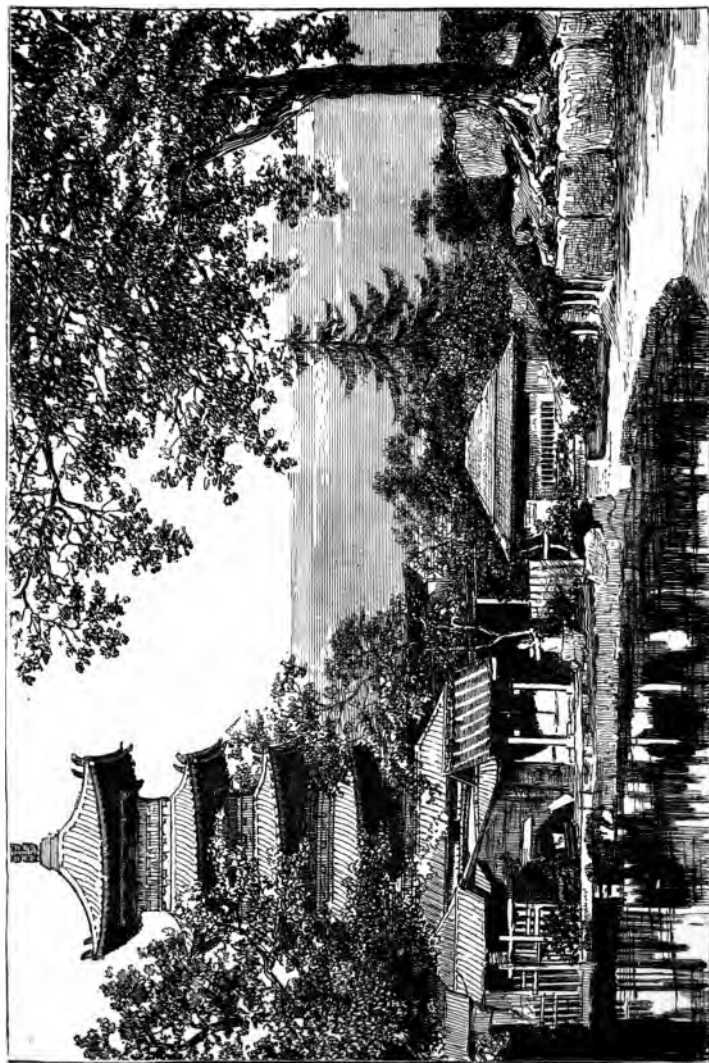
being elaborately carved, and all having cut upon them the names of the donors and of the Shoguns to whose memory they are dedicated, whilst in an inner yard there are a number of similar lanterns made in bronze. By a covered way we approach the shrine. Here there is nothing tawdry. The steps and floors are lacquered, the hangings are of silk, the walls are carved and heavily gilt, in the ceiling the harmony of colours is richly displayed, the bells are works of art. Each box containing a sacred scroll is a masterpiece of taste; the priest is clad in satin, and with an affable grace replies to our many questions. All we see gives the idea of exquisite refinement. Passing out behind the shrine we ascend a flight of steps, and pushing aside the ponderous bronze gate, we reach a small enclosure containing the tomb of the mighty Shogun. The strife of life is over, and the shadowed grave gives the idea of perfect repose.

Close by we saw a large temple in course of

erection on the site of an ancient and famous temple which had been destroyed by the act of an incendiary in 1874. Buddhism had been patronized and encouraged for centuries by successive Shoguns, and thus a political connection had been formed between them. When, however, the Mikado assumed his own rights during the revolution of 1868, Buddhism was disestablished and many of its temples with their revenues were made over to the Shintoists as being the more loyal of the two. The connection of Church and State has not been severed; Shintoism has practically become the State religion, but Buddhism reigns supreme in the hearts of the masses. It always makes one's heart grow sad to see new heathen temples in course of erection in the very places where Christianity shows its benign presence. It seems such a challenge to divine forbearance. It seems such a defiance of the living God. What an insult to the Majesty of the Most High! What an indignity, the usurper treading

on the very threshold of the palace of the King of kings! God, however, does not strike, but waits; and it is for those who are jealous for the honour of God their Saviour to resort to more earnest prayer and work, so that they who have received light may communicate light. Here is a paradox. He Who said, "I am the light of the world," said also, "Ye are the light of the world."

Passing along the *Tori*, or main street, over the *Nihon Bashi*, the London Bridge of Japan, and leaving the towers and moats of the castle to our left, after a drive of three miles we enter an avenue which is flanked on either side by shops and stalls, and which leads up to the celebrated temple of *Kuanon* at *Asakusa*. It is a perpetual Bartholomew's fair. The crowds are determined to be pleased, and it takes very little to please them. The extensive temple grounds are occupied with refreshment, photographic and drinking booths, shooting galleries, artists' studios, &c. The



Reminder Temple & Acacia.

people are trying to make the best of both worlds, not forgetful of their duty to Kuanon, but not overlooking the pleasures of this life. Entering the temple we find it large and dirty, with an uncared-for look about it. The central shrine is screened off from a noisy rabble. I stood aside for a time and sorrowfully watched the people as they came and went. Every one threw money into the box ; some clapped their hands, some counted their beads, some made signs, and others uttered a few hurried prayers ; but there was a striking levity and irreverence about them all. I did not see one of them in earnest. Their worship was a perfunctory one, without heart or reflection. On a screen hard by are suspended slips of paper with prayers written on them, a large number of the top-knots of men, of women's tresses, and of slippers as votive offerings. Here, as at all large temples, are wooden tablets on which are inscribed the names of the donors and the amount they have given to the temple. In a

building near is a prayer-wheel or cylinder, which a man in charge will put in motion on an offering being made. I was not sorry to escape from the noise, and dust, and smells and impiety of Asakusa.

Having made up a small party, we went to spend a few quiet days at Enoshima. Leaving the train about half way to Yokohama we engaged jinrickshas and were soon scampering along through lanes and fields and villages; our admiration being divided between the surrounding scenery and the fantastic tracery tattooed on the legs and backs of our jinricksha men. Men, women, and children shouted "O-hi-o" (good morning), and we soon learnt to reply in cheery tones, "O-hi-o." For some little distance we ran along the Tokaido—the great trunk-road which runs from Tokio to Kioto. The half-way tea-house (hobil) looms in sight, and with a whoop and a spurt the men soon land us in the courtyard. The landlady, with her daughters,

and aunts, and nieces, greeted us with welcome smiles, and having taken off our shoes we mounted polished stairs without a scratch on them, and entered a small and scrupulously clean room; the mats were padded, and there was no furniture. Three sides of the room were made up of sliding frames covered with a clean, tough, tissue paper, whilst the fourth side displayed an artist's skill representing cherry blossoms, flying storks, and an impossible horse prancing. Without a summons, a fair damsel glided noiselessly in and deposited in the centre a hibachi made of bronze and containing three or four pieces of burning charcoal, which is supposed to answer two purposes—fire for pipes, and fire for warmth. She fell down on her knees and made a graceful salaam. The Japanese never sit, they kneel and rest the body on the back part of the legs and feet. It may be very comfortable, but I know scarcely any torture more cruel for the European than to be shut up in a

room for hours with nothing to sit on except the floor. At first the novelty of the situation is pleasant, but very soon the circulation is impeded, cramps and "pins and needles" manifest themselves, and ease can only be secured by a perpetual change of position—a restless rest which usually terminates in a prostrated frame lying at full length on the floor. We had taken some refreshments with us, which were supplemented by sundry additions from the hotel. First of all they brought in the inevitable tea. If you go shopping tea is presented, if you visit a temple oftentimes a tray with cups that hold about three-quarters of an ounce is produced—at one temple the priest offered saki (a spirit distilled from rice); and at every tea-house a tray comes in with tea-things that remind one of the sets sold for children to play at keeping house with. The tea is of a light green colour, unsweetened, and in taste betrays not the slightest presence of what we know as tea.

Milk is never used. In fact, when away from the abodes of Europeans it is impossible to get milk, as the natives rear cattle only as beasts of burden. Occasionally, however, milk is used as a medicine. In certain critical cases, some local Sir William Gull may prescribe "Twenty drops of cow's milk to be taken three times a day in a little cold water." After the tea, the maid brought in some vegetable soup, with some kind of oil floating on it. We partook of it only with our eyes; then we had a tub of rice, ladled out in small lacquered basins; and with this was served up, as a sort of *bonne-bouche*, a very favourite pickle, made of rotten turnips and vinegar. The stench was intolerable. Mr. Wright actually ate some, and seemed to enjoy it. I felt there was hope for a Missionary who could, when necessary, fall back upon the food of his adopted country. I have sometimes been in trying positions, but seldom in one more trying than on this occasion. I wished to emulate my brother's

heroism. In a fit of desperation I seized a piece with my chop-sticks; but as it approached the effect was sickening, and the chop-sticks relaxed their feeble hold. At last, remembering that oftentimes the pleasure or disgust arising from the sense of taste is really to be attributed to the odour of the substance, I held my nostrils, and boldly took a bite. I am aware that this was a sort of compromise—that there was nothing very heroic in it; but I have no wish to repeat the experiment. The repast finished up with boiled eggs. I will only say that Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook would add to their attractions if they could exhibit the feat of holding a half-boiled egg, and eating it with a pair of chop-sticks. Having settled our very modest bills, we left the courtyard amidst the friendly exclamations of the landlady and her fair attendants—“Sayonara, sayonara” (good-bye, good-bye). After a very enjoyable ride we came to the picturesque island, crowned with verdure. From our room,

right across the sea, beyond waving fields of corn, over ranges of hills, Fujeyama stood alone, snow-capped, towering far above everything earthly. I have noticed that generally the first sight of grand, as distinguished from beautiful scenes, is disappointing. The puny mind has to grow before it can embrace the sublime. So it was with this grand monarch of the land. Its majesty gradually impressed, until at last one wondered not at the passionate adoration of the people for that which, amidst all the changes, all the turmoil, all the catastrophies of human life, remains so changeless and secure.

We spent a very pleasant time in visiting the caves, and in making short excursions. One of these I shall not forget. After climbing for some time the steep steps which lead to the top of Oyama, we turned aside to a little Buddhist temple almost buried in trees, and saw the graves of the priests of the temple, who for generations had been buried here. The last

and newest grave was that of the priest who a few years ago had been baptized on his death-bed by Mr. Wright. He died a Christian, he was buried as a Buddhist. A blight had fallen on the temple; no Buddhist rites had been performed in it since the death of the Christian priest; the building was on its way to ruins. Here was a poem without words. We passed through Kamakura, which for three centuries had been the great city of the reigning Shogun; and as we passed through groves of trees and crossed babbling brooks, it was difficult to realize that we were walking over a buried city. There were no impressive ruins to tell of the vanished glory, no stately remains that, though shattered, might give a kind of permanence to those who have passed away. Close by, in a lovely dell, stands the gigantic bronze Dia Butzu, which was erected A.D. 1252. The seated form is forty-four feet high, the thickness round the thumb is three and a half feet, and the circumference of the knee is thirty-four feet. After visiting

a noble temple, which contains relics of the Shogun Yoretomo, who is the ideal of chivalry, and of whose prowess and deeds the youth of the country are never tired of hearing, we passed through silent defiles, which had many a time echoed with the cry of battle, and came to Kanasâwa. Here, in "the plains of heaven," is one of the seven which are considered the most beautiful landscape views in Japan. The prospect was varied, and consisted of hill and valley, trees and fields, rocks and flowing water, all forming a picture which was canopied over by a clear blue sky, with only one snow-white cloud ; this concealed the brightness of the sun, and its ever-moving shadows played upon the face of the picture. Unfortunately the farmers had been using liquid manure, and we did not care to linger long in the plains of heaven. Passing along, we came upon a tea-plantation, where from forty to fifty women were gathering the tender leaves. We stayed for the night at a tea-house. My adjectives, synonyms of

"charming," "beautiful," &c., are exhausted. Suffice it to say that art, taste, and nature combined to make this wayside inn a thing to be remembered. Our first want was a bath, which was enjoyed after overcoming two difficulties, namely, the securing a certain amount of privacy, and the getting the water some few degrees below boiling point. The fire for heating the water is not under or over, but is in the bathing-tub. After a comfortable night, with only an occasional visit from that constant tenant of a tea-house, the *pulex irritans*, we rose early and enjoyed our morning walk. We came upon a house of mourning, though we saw nothing to warn us that we were in the solemn presence of death. In an open shop, a priest was reading the funeral service. The body of the deceased was in a plain unadorned tub; a few people, friends and relations, were standing about chatting, some were laughing and none seemed attentive to the service going on. Then we came upon a silk-worm house,

and were much interested in the details of rearing, propagating, feeding the silk-worms, and the unwinding and reeling of the cocoons. Silk is an important item in the exports of Japan, as much as two million pounds are shipped annually from Yokohama. In passing through the villages the stranger cannot but be struck with the dirt and squalor as exhibited in the persons and huts of the peasantry. Japan is emphatically an agricultural country, and here, as in other countries, daily labour in the fields does not tend to brighten intelligence or refine manners.

By invitation I met Bishop Williams and nearly all the gentlemen and families belonging to the American Episcopal and English Church Missions, at the house of the Rev. C. T. Blanchet, and gave them a lengthened account of the Tinnevelly Missions. I entered into minute particulars as to our Tinnevelly system of boarding-schools, weekly instruction of all Mission agents, voluntary evangelistic

efforts of the laity, the mode of raising local funds for Church puposes, elementary and higher education, instruction of catechumens, &c. The detailed account did not weary the audience. Several points were discussed, and a pleasant evening was brought to a close with, I think, a feeling of thankfulness to the great Head of the Church for the measure of success He had vouchsafed to His servants in India, and of prayerfulness and hopefulness that a like blessing may attend the efforts of the Church in Japan. We had another very pleasant evening at the Bishop's, who seems to exercise the influence of goodness to a remarkable degree. His modest home is such an one as we might well imagine certain fishermen with whom the Episcopal order commenced to have dwelt in, and it may be truly called a palace, for its occupier possesses a royalty of character such as the Apostles learnt from their Master. Mr. Shaw has built a beautiful little church on a charming site, well situated in the more respectable part



CHURCH AT TOKYO.

of the city. The S.P.G. and C.M.S. Missions are under the supervision of Bishop Burdon at Hongkong. It would be very desirable, if practicable, for all the Episcopal clergy in Tokio to be under the charge of the American Bishop, who lives on the spot ; but after conversation with those well acquainted with local wants, I came to think that for a vigorous prosecution of our own work, there is required, and that urgently, an English Bishop in Japan. Bishop Williams held a Confirmation in Mr. Shaw's church, at which fifteen native adults were confirmed. The service was both instructive and impressive, and the large congregation were devout and paid special attention to the fluent address of the Bishop, delivered in earnest and persuasive tones.

The Missionaries here have an excellent plan of making known the way of salvation to large numbers. They rent spacious premises, situated in commanding positions in large thoroughfares. I accompanied both Mr. Piper of the C.M.S., and

Mr. Wright, and at each place the room was crowded. At first but few entered, but gradually the boldness which numbers give induced the more timid to enter, and we had an attentive audience. The paper slides were thrown back, and a number of passers-by, impelled by curiosity, thronged the sides and entrances, and so had an opportunity of hearing what was going on. I very gladly complied with the request to say something, and Mr. Piper and Mr. Wright kindly acted as my interpreters. Both spoke of persons present who were evidently feeling after the truth, and of some who had been led by these services to embrace it. At the request of the Bishop I gave an address on the Sunday afternoon in the C.M.S. chapel to about 200 native converts. I have so often known permanent seed abiding and maturing after the voice of a stranger dies away, that I always gladly, thankfully, and hopefully accept invitations such as these given in Japan; and I enter upon the task with the prayer

that the word spoken may not be spoken in vain.

There is a most promising and successful Mission of the Greek Church in Japan, the head-quarters of which are at Tokio. The founding and development of this Mission is deeply interesting, as showing what may grow out of the earnestness of one man. In 1859 Father Nicolai, the consular chaplain, succeeded in erecting a chapel at Hakodati, for the use of the Russians residing there. The chaplain, on finding the services attractive to the natives, began to interest himself in their souls' welfare, and in the course of time baptized twelve who had been prepared for that holy rite. The work growing, he applied for help from the Holy Synod, who in 1869 resolved to send out four agents, and to place the new Mission under the Bishop of Kamschatka, Father Nicolai being appointed Archimandrite. Large and commodious buildings were erected on one of the finest sites in Tokio, and large numbers were gathered

into the Church. I attended one of the services, and the highly ornate service seemed well adapted to the oriental type of mind. It was touching to see with what reverence the members stepped up and kissed the cross embossed on the cover of the New Testament, and to notice how anxious the mothers were that their children in arms should do the same. The chapel was elaborately decorated; the choir of natives chanted, not inharmoniously, the psalms and canticles, and the priest, who had not been long in the country, spoke in somewhat faltering language, but with unmistakable earnestness. There is no doubt that orientals are likely to be attracted by scenic effects, ornament, realistic dramas, and gorgeous ritual, for the people of India and other Eastern countries are greatly impressed with the grotesque, the grand, the mysterious, or the beautiful, quite apart from association. It may be expedient, perhaps prudent, to adapt our services more to the oriental mind; but any such modification should be

done with severe caution, remembering, as we do, that, after all, it is pandering to a debased taste. The more robust the soul, the fewer aids to devotion does it require. In the service of the Supreme, superlatives both in words and actions are out of place. Our worship should be expressive rather than impressive ; but it should never be forgotten that there is a grave danger in services which are liable to lead half-informed people to mistake the expression of religion for religion itself. We spent two hours very agreeably with two of the Russian priests, from whom we learnt that Father Nicholai had gone to Russia to be consecrated Bishop, and that they reckoned they had five thousand converts in Japan. And our rejoicing was deepened by being told that they had reason to expect still larger accessions.

The servant brought us tea prepared in the Russian manner. It was cold, served in tumblers, clear as, and of the colour of, sherry, with a slice of lemon floating in it. From

what I saw and heard, I conclude that Japan is likely soon to be Christianized. The Church of England as yet has but very faintly recognised the openings of Providence in this deeply interesting land. The conquest will surely be made. Shall not our Church take a fitting part in this conquest ?



SIVA.

CHAPTER V.

On the Pacific—Shipboard life—Entering the Golden Gates—
San Francisco—The Palace Hotel—A slave's story—July
the Fourth in San Francisco—Hints on the coins current—
Off for Yo-Semite—The Calaveras big trees—First sight
of the valley—The Bridal Veil Fall—The Yo-Semite
Fall—Glacier Point—Its majestic outlook—Clarke's ranche
—A Red Indian village—Merced—A message from Judge
Lynch.

ON Saturday, June 19th, we bade farewell
to the fascinating country of Japan, and
embarking on the magnificent steamship *City of
Peking*, bluff and cliff and town soon receded
from our view, and Fujeyama in his snowy
mantle stood out solitary and grand on our
horizon, affording a last glimpse of the Eastern
Hemisphere. For the first two days the sea
was a little rough. Some of the passengers

wisely kept to their cabins ; others, with more boldness than discretion, ventured on deck. With a ghastly smile they said they felt very well, but their looks sadly belied their words. As we got further north the sea became calm as a lake sleeping in some sheltered valley, and for the rest of the voyage there was scarce a ripple to disturb the digestive organs of the most sensitive. For several days the weather was so cold that it was impossible to sit on deck ; saloons and cabins were heated by hot-water pipes. It was a luxury to an old Indian to feel really cold : and the glow after a lengthy constitutional recalled the glorious sensation of health and vigour so often felt in the old country in years long gone by. Though there were not many passengers, we had the usual representatives of classes which are always to be found on a passenger steamer. There is no place more favourable than the poop of a vessel for the study of human character. The traveller soon

finds out that the infinite varieties of character may be classified into about six distinct species. The cynic finds plenty of food for contemplation; and in summing up the greatness of human nature finds its grandeur is of the barbaric order; and as he sees self-esteem mistaken for self-respect; self-assertion graciously patronising its betters; and selfishness prettily hidden, but only half concealed; as he sees the character of others marred as heedlessly as the bloom of a peach is by a touch, he is led to believe that Mephistopheles himself, if only he had gentlemanly manners, would make a very good member of society. But the longer I live and the more I mix with my fellow men, the less inclined am I to join in a sweeping condemnation of our race. There is something stately, majestic, beautiful about our nature, though in ruins. A quiet conversation often brings out traits of character whose existence was never suspected; chords which have long been silent are struck, and the better

nature breaks out into music other than that which accompanies the frivolities of life. O, there are many unwilling slaves of the world, the flesh, and the devil! The best of us have not much to boast of; the worst have some redeeming points.

Our trip across the Pacific was exceptional, as far as my experience of sea-voyages goes, in there being a total absence of scandal and quarrelling. Like the weather, temper never went beyond a gentle breeze; every one was agreeable, our services were well attended, and all was harmony and peace. The captain was a Scotchman by birth, brought up in New Brunswick, but had been naturalized in the United States for more than thirty years. He, as all others I met with, who like him had joined the States, spoke in almost extravagant terms of praise of the constitution of his adopted country. He was exceedingly fond of "metaphysics," but had transferred his affections from Dugald Stewart and

Hamilton to Mill and Herbert Spencer. Many a delightful talk we had together, and I have to thank him for adding much to the pleasure of the voyage. Some of the American ladies showed a piquancy, a smartness, and a daring disregard for conventionalities, without passing beyond the bounds of the proprieties. The conversation was sparkling, effervescent, sometimes brilliant. A party of gentlemen paid daily attention to the American game of Poker, which, if not very intellectual, proved to be very attractive. The stakes were not large, but somehow or other a good deal of money changed hands. I fancy the fathers of some of the young hopefuls would not have been much edified had they seen them purchasing experience at rather a dear rate. I spoke to some of them privately; but the spell was upon them—the meshes of the net were about them. When invited to join, they opposed with a will so flaccid, that it rather invited than repelled

temptation, and they continued to hope, to stake and to lose. We had 300 Chinese emigrants on board, who were very orderly, and who, by the regulations of the vessel, were compelled to be comparatively cleanly in their habits. They passed their time in eating, smoking opium, sleeping off the effects, and gambling. There was a supply of ponderous Chinese coffins, so that in case of death the body might be embalmed and carried back to the ancestral tomb. The doctor explained to me his process of embalming, for which his fee was fifteen dollars. He seemed rather to resent the exceptional healthiness of the passengers, for, though he hoped to the end, his skill in this particular department was not once required on the voyage.

After being out a week we came to the 180th degree of east longitude; it was necessary to adjust our time with that of the rest of the civilized world, and to do this a day had to be added; we therefore had two

Saturdays together, and two June 26ths. This is rather perplexing, and I scarcely know whether I am a day younger or a day older, or whether I am actually my actual age. Two old gentlemen, Scotchmen, declared that the whole thing was an imposition, that they had kept their diary regularly, and had not omitted a single day; that Letts had made no provision for two June 26ths, and that the captain, worthy man though he be, had not authority to interfere with the regularity of the sun in particular, and of the universe in general, and that they would continue to keep their diary in their own way.

Soon after leaving Yokohama we seemed to leave life and the world behind, and to plunge into the abyss of solitude. We did not sight a sail until we were close upon the coast of California. Our little planet, day by day, passed on through space that seemed illimitable; but like the vaster orbs it was controlled and guided, and was obedient to law.

Occasionally we saw whales spouting and porpoises frolicking, and birds flitting by, scarcely glancing a look at us, as if bent on some mysterious errands; so different from the Mother Carey chickens and Cape pigeons and albatrosses far south of the Cape of Good Hope, that become the companions of a ship, and for days play about its stern. At last, on the fifteenth day out, it seemed likely that we should reach port on the following day, when we steamed into a dense fog, and had to proceed cautiously at half-speed. I was not sorry, for the following day was Sunday, and the 4th of July as well, and I was glad of the opportunity of spending the Holy Day in quietness on board. As was to be expected, there was a vast display of bunting. The stars and stripes appeared in every imaginable and unimaginable place. Patriotic enthusiasm of "The Sword of Bunker's Hill" type was manifested; but I am glad to say that nothing went beyond the bounds of good taste;

nothing was said or done that could wound the feelings of the strangers present who had the misfortune to belong to other pigmy nationalities. The occasion was interesting. It was the 4th of July ; we were about to separate after a long voyage, and we were just entering the Golden Gates of San Francisco. I preached from the words, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," and concluded with the earnest hope and prayer that at the close of the voyage of life we might all pass through the Golden Gates of the New Jerusalem. We had to steam carefully between the buoys which marked our channel. These buoys were vocal ; they were constructed so that as they rose and fell they emitted a most sepulchral tone, as if the souls of the drowned were uneasy and were crying out for help.

Early on Monday morning the magnificent bay of San Francisco opened out to view. Islands, fortresses, mountains and plains

played upon by the rising sun, formed a picture which for beauty of scene, variety of colour, of light and shade, cannot be surpassed, and can scarcely be equalled in the world. The pillars are formed by two lofty projections of land, strongly fortified, one mile apart. We were soon made fast to our moorings, and amidst the usual uproar and confusion which seem to spring into being as if by magic immediately on the arrival of a vessel in any port, we stepped out upon the land of freedom, of hope, and of the future. The baggage was at once transferred to the Custom House. I have noticed that passengers generally try a sort of confidence trick with Custom House officers, and try to disarm suspicion by an assumed anxiety to be very frank. Here, however, it was no use throwing down one's keys, or offering to open this or that portmanteau; for every box, parcel, portmanteau, reticule was inspected, but the passengers were allowed to leave without having to turn

out their pockets. We were informed beforehand of the very high charges made in the way of duty in America, and took the precaution to send all our chargeable articles direct to England from Yokohama. Having handed over our property to a Transfer Company, we were soon tumbling over plank roads, very much the worse for wear, in a ponderous antique coach. Some little distance from the docks, the planks give way to macadamized roads, and passing along wide and stately streets we reached the Palace Hotel. San Francisco is well supplied with hotels. The traveller may find ample and luxurious accommodation in the Baldwin, the Lick, the Occidental, the Cosmopolitan, the Russ, or the Palace. This latter is a gigantic structure, nine stories high, having accommodation for a thousand sojourners. The inclosed courtyard paved with marble is very fine. The verandahs, supported by white and graceful pillars, rose one above the other like tiers of boxes in a

theatre, and when lighted up at night by the electric light, the whole looked more like a dream of fancy than a reality. Our room was on the fourth story. To reach it, we stepped into a pretty little drawing-room, which very soon ascended. This elevator made about 600 journeys every day. The drawing-rooms, library, dining-hall, were magnificent in dimensions, and fitted up with elegance and taste. All the waiters were negroes, who swaggered through their work with a sort of infinite condescension which must impress every one with a sense of their utter superiority. The table here, as I subsequently found in nearly every hotel I stopped at in America, was liberal and wasteful. One generally sends away about three times as much as has been consumed. The cooking was capable of improvement. In the evenings, during the dinner hour, a brass band played in the courtyard. Our chambermaid had been a slave, and her story was deeply interesting and pathetic. She said

that both her master and mistress down in Virginia had been very kind to their slaves ; that when any of them were sick the lady would nurse them and bring them many little comforts ; that she often gave them nice clothes, and encouraged them to try to be good ; that she and her husband purchased their freedom and came to live in San Francisco ; that they had one child, a son, of whom they were dotingly fond, and whose freedom they desired to purchase, but that the master would not sell their own son to them ; that they felt very lonely, and adopted a little girl ; that after the war their son was liberated, and had lived with them happily ever since. She said she had to work much harder now than she ever did as a slave ; and I suggested that she seemed to be better off then than now, and I shall never forget how her eye lighted up with fire, and with what excitement she exclaimed, "No! no! Sir, I have my liberty now."

In the afternoon we drove through the

principal streets of the city to inspect the decorations and illuminations. All the shops were closed in honour of that day of which every American may well be proud. Across the broad Market Street a castle was erected, designed by some Red Indian, or at any rate by some one who had never seen a castle, and, I should imagine, had never seen even the picture of a castle. Upon this and another leafy archway all the constructive genius of the city had been expended. In the principal streets nearly every house had its flag, or some drapery, or some symbol which answered the double purpose of advertising the occupier's patriotism and trade. The crowds were orderly; and though the drinking saloons seemed to be doing a roaring trade, there were but few disorderly scenes—but little that could have made Sir Wilfrid Lawson weep. In the business part of the city the houses are built of stone and brick, and a few of the offices and public

buildings, are fine, whilst in the outskirts nearly all the houses are built of wood. I was struck with the number of empty houses. Marvellous as has been the growth of San Francisco, building speculation has evidently been overdone, so that in many parts the number of empty houses gives the impression of decay. Some of the private houses, such as the Hopkins' Mansion and that of Governor Stanford, are palatial; the City Hall, in course of construction, promises to be a majestic building. There is not much for a stranger to see in San Francisco. Woodward's Gardens are worth a visit, where there is a small zoological collection, a large and interesting display of birds, especially of those found on the Pacific coast, an aquarium, and a number of sea lions with their restlessness and rapid motion in the tank, as if they were racing for a prize. Then there is a drive to the Cliff House, through the Golden Gate Park. The park, in perspective, consists of good roads through sandy plains and over

sandy hillocks; but prospectively, when the pretty lupin has bound down the sand, and the trees have grown, it will be a fine park for our grandchildren. The chief attraction at Cliff House is the sight of a number of sea lions basking in the sun on a rock very near the shore. It would be regarded as a crime almost as atrocious as that of murder to shoot at them; the consequence is, that, being secure from attack, they are not afraid of man. Would that such forbearance were more general. Man is not content to be lord of creation, he must too frequently become its cruel tyrant too. Destructiveness seems to be innate. It is manifested in infancy, and grows with the boy's growth into manhood. There is something almost savage in the very words used to designate some of our pastimes. Think of the moral obliquity implied in such terms as playing the fish—game—sport. I have seen ladies and gentlemen hunting the poor timid hare without pity and without remorse. Why

does not Darwin make more of this innate cruelty of our nature as corroborating evidence in favour of his theory?

To me the most interesting sight in San Francisco was the group of speculators and brokers gathered together at and near the corner where California and Montgomery Streets meet. Numerous boards are exposed, on which are posted the latest quotations of railway, mining and other shares. In the group there was not one asleep. The conversation was general, but the sound of the whole never became loud. Many had acquired the art of a passionless demeanour; the clean-cut lines of care on the countenance were hard as steel, and showed no play of the emotions; others showed an ill-suppressed eagerness; some, fresh from the gold-fields, were bronzed, whilst nearly all gave evidence of having made a careful toilet. Jewelry was rather obtrusive—very large seals, pendant from very large chains, and very large rings were displayed on the fingers. The gold

worn in California is of a peculiar ruddy hue ; small nuggets, and polished quartz with a vein of gold running through, are often met with mounted as breast-pins, and large agates of a rich dark hue are mounted as seals and rings.

It may be useful to some who intend to follow the route indicated in these papers to learn my experience with regard to the money in use in California. Before leaving Yokohama I went to the bank, and, by the advice of the accountant, I changed all my Japan money into Mexican dollars. This was a great mistake, for, on reaching San Francisco, I found that I had to change my Mexican for American dollars, at a considerable loss in the transaction. I may add, here, that I had a letter of credit from Messrs. Arbuthnot and Co., of Madras, and that I never had the slightest difficulty in drawing money in any country or city where I required it. I was surprised to find on entering the bank in San Francisco vast heaps of gold ostentatiously displayed on a

counter about six feet from where I was standing, and which looked like a tempting challenge to any gang of desperadoes who might at any moment rush in. I made some such remark to the clerk, when he at once opened a drawer close to his hand and showed me a revolver quite ready for an emergency. Many of the shops are handsome and have a fine display of goods, but the prices are exorbitant; I should not advise the traveller to fix on San Francisco for obtaining an outfit. The only shops that seemed to offer things at a reasonable rate were those which deal in what are termed "Yankee Notions"; but as I had no use for ventilating garters and machines for peeling potatoes, I was content with admiring American ingenuity.

The climate I should say is trying to any who have weak chests. The winter is mild and the heat of the summer is never so excessive as that of New York; but on the warmest day in San Francisco a cold harsh

wind blows up from the sea in the afternoon, so that though you may be clad in muslin in the morning, winter wraps will be in requisition in the evening. The ecclesiastical buildings are numerous and, as might be expected, various, but none are very imposing. At the time of our visit a Baptist minister was the Mayor, and his son, also a Baptist minister, was awaiting trial for the murder of the editor of a newspaper, who had reflected on the character of his father. Life and property to an outsider appear to be as secure in this young State as in most countries that have been settled for centuries; if, however, what I was assured was actually the case, namely, that at that very time about one thousand people were out on bail on the charge of murder in the State of California, the inhabitant who dies of old age may be congratulated.

Having decided to visit Yo-Semite Valley, we found some difficulty in fixing on which of the four routes to take. The agents were



Yosemite Valley in Early Morning.

oppressive in their persuasive eloquence. Each extolled his own line, and in a most disinterested manner desired to save us from the trouble and extra expense involved by taking the rival line. To listen to them individually each was the best route; to listen to them collectively there was not a single route that was not appalling by reason of cost, danger and fatigue. However, the courteous Mr. McKay, ticket agent of Montgomery Street, came to our rescue, and by the information given enabled us to decide. The trip is both expensive and arduous, but it is well worth the cost and trouble. A considerable saving is made by taking an all-round ticket, but as we were not returning to San Francisco this was out of the question. I fixed on the route which is least popular precisely for the reason of its unpopularity—the great distance to be travelled on stage coaches. What can we see of a country when rushing through it at railway speed? Given a coachman, weather and companions

all genial, a country fresh and varied, and an outside seat behind eager horses, and I believe we shall find that the best and pleasantest way of seeing a new country. And I was very glad we fixed on this route, for we were enabled to see most interesting gold-fields which we should otherwise have missed.

On July 9th we crossed over in a gigantic ferry to Oaklands on the opposite side of the bay, a distance of about three and a half miles. Oaklands is the favourite place of residence of a large number of the city merchants who cross daily in the ferry. It is a handsome town, and amongst other attractions can boast of a University where the youth of both sexes are educated free. The people can travel free of cost on the local trains within the city limits. Taking our seats for Stockton, we are soon passing through a country rich in orchards where fruits are tinned in enormous quantities for export, we see buildings in which gold and silver are smelted and refined, forests of the

blue gum and other trees, handsome houses nestled in valleys, and on all sides proofs of comfort and prosperity. We reached Stockton on the San Joachin River in time for dinner at the Yo-Semite House. Starting next morning at eight o'clock on the Stockton and Copperopolis line, we reached Milton at ten, and at once took our places on the top of a coach. For the next eight hours we were jolted over roads that were just bearable in those parts where they had not been made, and, amazed that consciousness could be retained so long, we were thankful at last to drop into the comfortable hotel at the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees.

The Mammoth Grove Hotel is situated close to the Big Trees, Calaveras County. At the entrance to the grounds are the biggest gateposts in the world—the "Two Sentinels," each more than three hundred feet high, and the larger one about twenty-three feet in diameter. In this grove there are close upon one hundred

of these big trees. Professor Lindley considered that they formed a new genus, and named them *Wellingtonia gigantea*. An English botanist, Mr. Lobb, however, refers them to a genus already known, *Sequoia sempervirens*, and they are now classified in this genus as *Sequoia gigantea*. When doctors differ, who shall decide? Entering the grove, the mind is at once filled with awe. It is one of nature's sanctuaries. Solemnity and devotion can find no expression. It seems almost sacrilege to break the profound silence, and the voice instinctively falls to a whisper. There have they stood, those hoary giants, still living, green and vigorous, whilst the great scenes of human life have been enacted. Here they were when Babylon flourished on the banks of the Euphrates. They witnessed the foundation and consolidation of the great Assyrian Empire, passing through its lengthened career of varied fortunes, and after a brilliant course of 1,200 years, terminating in the tragic death of Sardanapalus.

They saw the Egyptian kingdom, with its inventions and culture, its Pharaohs and Ptolemies. Why! these trees were a thousand years old when the Pyramids were built. They were lusty and strong when the Land of Canaan was seized by Joshua and the Lord's hosts, and when scene after scene comes upon the stage—the Judges, Saul, David and Solomon, Israel and Judah—the conquests of the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Romans, the Turks. They have stood firm amidst storms that have threatened to destroy them, whilst empires have passed away whose names alone exist, and cities have been buried whose very names have perished. We see the Persian Empire, with Xerxes and his host—where are they? the Phœnicians, with their arts and manufactures, and colonies and merchandise; Troy and its ten years' siege, which formed the theme for Homer and Virgil—where are they? Whilst they have been standing, the whole of Grecian history, from the time of Cecrops and Cadmus, with its stories of heroism,

its development of philosophy, of art, of poetry, have been accomplished. They were venerable when Rome was founded, and they saw the downfall of that mighty empire through luxury, and its resultant—effeminacy. Here they stood, almost as they are, when the great central event of all history occurred, to which the past had pointed, and from which the future should be dated ; and through all the centuries that have followed they have been stretching and growing from earth towards heaven, whilst the long and magnificent roll of Christianity's conquests has been written. Here we see permanency by the side of the changing, fleeting condition of man ; and we may well be led on to the contemplation of that changeless One who, not as a passive spectator, but as a Ruler, has controlled the passions and moulded the destinies of individuals and nations with a love and wisdom that know not change or decay.

Some of the trees have dimensions that are perfectly marvellous. Several of them are over

300 feet in height (one being 325 feet), and they measure from eighty to one hundred feet in circumference. Some of them have fallen, one of them, the "Father of the forest," must have been down for centuries, but it is grand in its ruins. "It measures one hundred and ten feet in circumference at the base, and can be traced three hundred feet, where the trunk was broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and according to the average tapering of the other trees, this venerable giant must have been four hundred and fifty feet in height when standing." A man can ride on horseback two hundred feet in the hollow trunk. A pavilion has been erected, the floor of which is formed entirely by the stump of one of the trees, ninety-two feet in circumference. Balls are held upon it, and it can accommodate thirty-two dancers. We spent Sunday here, and upon this stump we had Morning Prayers and a sermon. There would be between thirty and forty persons present ;

but the "church" could have held as many more. I tried to preach an appropriate sermon from Hosea xiv. 5. In the course of the afternoon the residents of the hotel were so good as to present a very kind address, with a substantial donation towards our Famine Orphanage. We came as strangers, we made acquaintances, and we parted as friends. A drive of sixteen miles brought us to Murphy, where we spent the night, and the following morning we were "aboard" again almost at sunrise, and had a very dusty, jolting drive through Sonora on to Priest's, which we reached in the evening, a distance of forty miles. At different points we saw the various plans employed in the gold-fields for getting gold, and to me this was certainly one of the most interesting portions of our whole journey. The colonel who held the reins—all the coach-drivers in California are colonels—was very communicative, and kindly stopped at the different points of interest. It was striking to

see how the whole face of the country in many parts had been entirely altered by the search for gold. We came upon villages, once thronged with life, now abandoned, and saw ducks swimming in holes from which fortunes had been extracted; whilst on all hands were signs of the abortive attempts of prospecting parties. The people have rough exteriors, but I dare say have warm hearts within; many seemed reticent and indisposed to enter into conversation. Now and then we came across Red Indians, very dirty and very ugly. In the larger towns and villages there are churches and chapels, generally built of wood, and having signs about them of being well cared for; but the spiritual destitution of the families scattered about in isolated spots must be very great. They are freed from restraints, and have not much to allure them into goodness. Drinking saloons are numerous, and in some places look so secluded, that the stranger wonders if any one except the landlord ever

drinks in them. The route is varied and picturesque, rarely grand or beautiful. We look down upon the San Joachin valley, about which there is much sameness, though the crossing of the Tuolumne is worth seeing. There are various coaches running, but the one best suited for the scenery is an open "Kimball waggon," which is seated so that every passenger can have a good view. Here, if anywhere, it is necessary to take care of number one. I trust and believe that our experience was exceptional; but it so happened that in all my experiences as a traveller, nowhere else have I seen self-assertion so utterly indifferent to the feelings of others.

We have been gradually ascending to Priest's, and indeed have to reach an altitude of 7,000 feet before we begin to descend into the valley of Yo-Semite. The road passes through forests of noble pines; Steven's Bar Ferry has been crossed; great gulfs—cañons—yawn below, affording glimpses of the silvery line

of a river ; flumes in ruins tell of miners with their surprises and disappointments. In the far distance the snow-capped Sierras, purpled by the morning sun, stand out in shaggy outline against the clear blue sky. The jolting is dreadful, the dust suffocating, the road often perilous, but the scenes are inspiring. The atmosphere has something like an exhilarating effervescence about it that is so inspiring, that stories are told, and the "merry laugh goes round," and even a taciturn old gentleman breaks out into singing—at least, he himself so regarded the sounds sent forth. On reaching the Tuolumne Grove, the colonel, who was an admirable whip, drove the stage through an archway cut in the trunk of one of the big trees, thirty-one feet in diameter. The descent was much more precipitous than the ascent, and we were both glad and thankful when it had been accomplished in safety. The road was narrow, and was traversed at a sharp trot ; and sometimes as the coach rocked I could look over

into the abyss one thousand to fifteen hundred feet below. I was seated on the top of the coach, and the cushion was covered with shining smooth black leather, for the special purpose, apparently, of rendering it easy to slip over; the footboard was far away below, and could offer no support, so that I had to hook my elbows to the iron bar behind. Even this device was not always reliable, for just at a momentous turning there would come a jerk, and they were at once unhooked. To add to my dismay, a young lady clutched hold of me, and, with a sort of hysterical sob, said—"Oh! what shall I do?" and I had just time to say, "Cling to me and shut your eyes," when we were both unseated and nearly hurled into space. When the valley first comes into view, it is one of those moments in life that are indelibly photographed on the memory. It can never be forgotten. Surprise, dismay, awe, are the uppermost feelings. One lady burst into tears. It looks as though the head of a



EL-CAPITAN—YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

mighty mountain had suddenly collapsed and sunk four thousand feet, forming a valley bounded by granite walls, some of them smooth as glass and of a light-grey colour, except where here and there lichens had drawn fantastic pictures. It is these bare precipitous sides and the numerous waterfalls that are the most noteworthy features of the Yo-Semite valley. The fissure which forms the valley is about seven miles long by half to a mile wide, and through it the river Merced flows. Nearly all the rocks and mountains are named, and assume in the mind a sort of personality, such as El-Capitan, the Cathedral, North and South Domes, Cloud's Rest, the Sentinel, Cap of Liberty, &c. To some of these interesting and imaginative legends are attached.

The following extract, said to have been related by an Indian, will give some idea of the style of this legendary lore. The hero is named Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, and sits enthroned on the rocky dome:—"When he laughed, the

face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the sighing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to crag—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was bright and strong like the rising sun." Then a fair young maiden, Tis-sa-ack, appears upon the scene, and, as a matter of course, trouble follows in her train; the mountain is rent, and through the fissure the melted snow trickles and forms what is now known as Mirror Lake.

To see this in perfection one must be up not with, but before, the sun; there should be a clear sky above, and not a ripple on the water. On its borders are boulders and shrubs and trees, whilst on one side the South Dome (5,000 feet), and on the other

Mount Watkins (4,000 feet), keep watch. We look up and see the bare face of the rocks with patches of brick-red, yellow, and olive-green lichens, upwards to the crevice in which a lofty pine has taken root, still far beyond to the summit, jagged and torn by the storms of ages; and then we look downwards, and the same picture meets our sight, shrubs and boulders, and the prolonged bald face of rock, lichens, and pines and jagged peaks; and then far beyond, at some immeasurably profound depth, the azure sky just beginning to blush at the approach of day. The reflection is so clearly defined, and the heights look so immeasurable, that it is difficult to realise that you are looking down at water not more than two feet deep. But a new glory comes upon the scene, which, while it impairs the grandeur of the one just witnessed, has a beauty all its own. The sun begins to tip the peaks with gold; a fleecy cloud on the summit catches fire and seems to be ablaze; trickling

drops become a dangling string of flashing jewels, and, as the light creeps down, new beauties unseen before appear, and one feels that, as in revelation so in nature, God's light reveals God's glory.

There are several waterfalls, each of which has its own peculiar attraction. I venture to say the "Bridal Veil" is the prettiest waterfall in the valley, though it may be regarded as a feminine exclamation when applied to a fall which makes a clear leap of nearly nine hundred feet. Narrow at the top, it gradually widens and spreads out in its descent. The water in its fall, seems to lose its materiality, and to be etherealised into a sparkling spray that dances and plays and undulates into ever-varying forms—the playthings of the slightest breeze. When the sun shines upon the spray, the Veil seems decked with rubies, emeralds and opals, as well as diamonds. The Red Indians call it Pohono, an evil spirit whom they superstitiously dread, and

whose sound is to them as the voices of the drowned.

If we give the palm of beauty to the nymph of the Bridal Veil, we must give the palm of grandeur to the Yo-Semite Fall, both on account of its surroundings and of its immense height. Recessed in dark naked mountains of granite, the water descends a clear drop of about one thousand five hundred feet; it then rushes furiously four hundred feet down a precipitous cliff, and ultimately makes a leap of seven hundred feet into the valley, so that the total height of the Fall is about two thousand six hundred feet. It crashes down upon gigantic boulders, in the chinks and crevices of which ferns and mountain flowers have dared to bloom and show their beauty. We stopped at Black's Hotel (which hotel I can thoroughly recommend), just opposite the Yo-Semite Fall, the majesty of which had a fascination that kept us spell-bound for a long time; and its weird music shaped our dreams

at night. The rapid passage of the water through the air creates a sort of whirlwind, which is constantly dallying with the spray ; the water forms into what looks like falling rockets, which in a little time burst into stars of beauty ; the whole scene, the shattered rocks, the persistent overwhelming flow, give one the idea of pitiless destructiveness, which fills one with awe. How pitiless the forces of Nature are.

There are several other falls worth seeing, but these are some distance from the hotel and will require horses for the expedition. Perhaps the finest view of the valley is to be obtained from Glacier Point. Inspiration Point has led to the use of the longest adjectives, and no doubt it affords a sight which I should think no other spot in the world can equal ; but it is too far off for persons to be able to discern the minute details which are visible from Glacier Point. This is a bold cliff, standing up almost vertical three thousand two hundred feet above the valley.

Formerly the visitor had to lie down at full length, with a man holding on at his feet, in order to look over at the awful abyss; but now a strong iron railing has been fixed, so that the edge may be approached without danger. I threw a beer-bottle over—it was empty—and it was fourteen seconds before it crashed on the ground below. The time occupied in falling seemed amazingly long, and this gave me an idea of space which I had never had before. When we are told of the distance of the sun, or of some fixed star, or of the rate at which light travels, how utterly do we fail to realise the ideas involved. From the Point we look down, and forests of pine-trees wave like a field of corn agitated by the wind. Fields of emerald green are dotted here and there, and the Mirror Lake looks like a gem set in some dark surroundings. High as we are, the South Dome towers before us with a kingly majesty; whilst the North Dome, Cloud's Rest, and



NEVADA FALL—YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

other heights attract our attention. Straight before us we see in one continuous line the Nevada Fall, of seven hundred feet, which, falling upon a projecting flattened rock, widens out into an apron of dazzling whiteness; the river then crashes through impeding rocks, and is here called the Diamond Cascade, and pursuing its way quietly, as if stunned by its late experiences, on it leisurely flows, when suddenly it drops down three hundred feet, making the Vernal Falls. Taking in the whole scene with its mountains, its gorges, its forests and its flats, the whole forms a picture of indescribable grandeur. A most enjoyable trip can be made to the Vernal and Nevada Falls, and food can be obtained at Snow's Casa Nevada Hotel, in the neighbourhood of which there is much to interest botanists and those in search of ferns.

Three days can be well spent in the valley and the neighbourhood, but the prices are necessarily high, for everything has to be



CAP OF LIBERTY--YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

brought into the valley at a great cost for carriage, so that few can afford to linger here. Emerging from this cave of bewilderment and enchantment into the ordinary scenes of this world, we passed through scenery similar to, and yet differing from that through which we passed on entering. The drive in a coach and six would have been agreeable but for the jolts and lurchings and dust; and we were not sorry to be deposited at Clarke's Rancho, and to enjoy the bath and good cheer which that place afforded. Parties were made up for a drive of six miles to the Mariposa big trees, but as we had already seen the big trees at Calaveras, and as the ligaments which bind the bones together had been tested to the verge of endurance, we preferred remaining in quietness in the hotel. In the evening we walked to a small Red-Indian encampment. There was not much poetry about it. The wigwams were surrounded with offal and filth; the men were

intelligent, and the women may have been so, but certainly if they were, they managed very dexterously to conceal it, and to show no signs of possessing it. They seem, like some of our Hindu holy men, to have taken a perpetual vow never to wash again, and to have religiously observed their vow. I had a conversation with some of the men about serious matters ; they appeared apathetic about their souls' interests. Some of them had been baptised in infancy, but none of them could remember any visit from a missionary. Can we wonder at their apathy ?

We were glad to reach once more the line of rail. Stopping for a short time at Merced, I saw a notice in the station to the following effect :—"Warning ! All persons without any ostensible means of support are hereby warned to leave this township before seven o'clock to-night. You stop at your peril."—Signed, "The Vigilance Committee." We were within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

CHAPTER VI.

Sacramento—Across the Sierras—An ocean of plenty—
Snow sheds—American railways—The Piute tribe—Ogden
—Salt Lake City—An undertaker's wares—Mormon temple
—Domestic harmony—Brigham Young's grave—His heroic
proportions—The Devil's Slide—Stations in the prairies—
Iowa—Chicago—Niagara Falls—An exciting incident—
Lake Ontario—Toronto—Kingston—The Thousand Islands
—Shooting the rapids—Montreal—Quebec—Lake Champ-
lain—Lake George—Glens Falls—Saratoga—Albany—
Down the Hudson—New York—"Home."

WE made a short stay at Sacramento, the capital of California. The city is neat and orderly, and the Capitol, surrounded by extensive grounds laid out with taste, has few equals in the United States. From Sacramento the ascent of the Sierras may be said to commence, and the railroad in the course of the next 106 miles ascends to Summit, which

is 7,042 feet above the level of the sea. On all sides are signs of comfort and progress. The farmhouses with their neat inclosures, their verandahs and flower-beds tell of a kindly climate. Much has been done, but it seems merely to shadow forth the possibilities of this magnificent country. Corn-fields extend for miles on either side, unbroken by hedges, and looking like an ocean of plenty ; and enterprise and industry are continually extending the shores of this ocean. Soon after leaving Summit we entered the snow sheds, which altogether extend for forty miles. They are roughly but strongly built wooden tunnels for the purpose of keeping the line from being blocked by snow. In summer they are in danger of being fired by sparks from the engine, and a train of water tanks is kept in readiness at Summit. On we pass by the Truckee River, and leaving California behind, we reach Humboldt Station in time for breakfast. This pleasing green spot almost in the midst of the great Nevada

Desert, shows how man can alter the face of nature. We have now had some experience



SNOW SHED. ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

of railway travelling in America. It seems to me that the Americans are far ahead of us in

three things in their accommodation for travellers, (they always spell traveller with one l,) namely—1. In their system of checking luggage. On starting, the passenger states at what station he wishes to have his luggage: he receives a brass check, and has no further trouble, whatever his delays or changes may be *en route*, until he arrives at his destination. 2. There is an ample supply of iced water in each carriage. 3. All the first-class carriages have complete lavatory arrangements. In all other respects I much prefer the English system. It sounds very fine to be able to walk from one end of the train to the other; but almost the only people who avail themselves of this privilege are the conductors and other officials, together with lads who are indefatigable in their efforts to make you buy what you do not want. The Pullman cars are luxurious, and the sleeping arrangements are convenient rather than comfortable. On some parts of the line dining saloons form part of

the train, but the vibratory motion, which sets everything on the table into a tremble, is not conducive to that perfect serenity of the nervous system which ought always to accompany a good dinner. In drinking from a tumbler every one seemed to be suffering from the shaking palsy. It required almost acrobatic skill to aim straight for the mouth, and I was driven into well-nigh a fever of anxiety as I saw a gentleman opposite to me eating with his knife; I was not sure whether the deadly weapon would pierce his eye or sever the jugular vein. A little further east we came to Winnemucca, so-called after the chief of the Piute tribe of Indians. There were several of this tribe at the station, amongst them being a little child with her doll tied pappoose-fashion on her back. The consulting physicians of London have no doubt arduous duties to perform, but perhaps not more exhausting than those performed by members of the medical profession amongst the Piutes. In critical



AN INDIAN CAMP.

cases the medicine man dances, writhes, screams, and this is kept up until, perhaps happily for both the doctor and the patient, the latter passes away. At last we reached Ogden, where the Union Pacific and Central Railways meet, after an uninteresting journey through the Great American Desert, covered with a low-growing weed called sage-bush, and sending forth an alkaline dust which gave one the sensation in the nostrils of suffering from a feverish cold. Having to wait some little time for a train to Salt Lake City, we wandered through the well-arranged town, and entered into a curiosity shop, which contained a strange medley of valuable and worthless goods. Most of the things were relics of Indian tribes, some of whom had disappeared from the earth. I saw several scalps, which told of the prowess and the ferocity of a bygone age. Taking our seat in the Utah Central Railroad train, in two hours we reached Salt Lake City, thirty-seven miles from Ogden. By compari-

son with California the country now crossed was thickly populated. The site of the city for beauty of situation has been well selected. Lying at the foot of a mountain, on the opposite side it overlooks a vast territory extending as a plain for nearly a hundred miles, where lofty mountains covered with perpetual snow appear. The city has been laid out in an orderly manner and in taste; the streets are wide, and flowing streams at the side give the idea of coolness and cleanliness. The city is rendered beautiful by the large number of shady trees and of orchards which are to be met with on every side. The energy of man has forced a barren soil into productiveness. But it was a grave mistake which the pioneers made when they brought a colony into a country which requires artificial irrigation. There are about 25,000 inhabitants in the city, of whom about 16,000 are Mormons, and the rest are Gentiles. We put up at the Walker House Hotel, which was both comfortable and

reasonable. After dinner I sauntered out, and was attracted by the display in an undertaker's window. The Americans are not buried in coffins, but in caskets. Those displayed were highly finished, French polished, and each had a window in the lid. The inside was lined with wadded silk quilted, and there was a dainty satin pillow for the head. In certain glass cases there was a ghastly exhibition of alpaca coats, white satin waistcoats, fancy dress shirts for men, as also of pretty frills and ties and bodices for women, all intended to form the garniture of corruption. When shall the visible expression of mourning for the dead be taken out of the hands of the undertakers and be made to bear some traces alike of good taste and of Christian hope?

The gentleman of the shop, in search of a customer, addressed me. I asked him if he had manufactured the beautiful caskets displayed. To which he replied that they had

been made, as nearly all those used in America were, at Cincinnati. This led to conversation, and I willingly accepted his invitation to enter and inspect his stock. He told me much about the Mormons, and as he was a Gentile and received no encouragement in his trade from the sacred fraternity, he made no attempt to disguise the feelings of disgust with which he regarded them. He mentioned several of his neighbours who had apostatized; but I am bound to say that in the majority of cases they seem to have left, not because they had conscientious scruples as to the tenets of the Mormons, but in order to escape the payment of tithes, which is rigidly enforced. I asked him if he knew the Bishop. His eyes at once lighted up with excitement, and he replied: "Ah! Now, sir! He is a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. Would you believe it, he promised to help me all he could in my trade?" The Bishop is a doctor of divinity, not a doctor of medicine, and his promise of help can only

be regarded as a courteous expression of kindly interest in one who no doubt deserves it.

The Mormon temple is impressive, both from its site and its extreme simplicity. It is built of wood, is oval in shape, and will seat about 15,000 worshippers. At the time of our visit several ladies and gentlemen were engaged in decorating the interior for a great jubilee celebration which was to take place in a few days. An elder, with whom I entered into conversation, pointed out three of the ladies who were the wives of one of his brother elders. I asked if they lived in harmony. He said that as a rule Mormon domestic life was peaceful and happy. This may to some extent be accounted for by the fact that generally the wives live in separate cottages, so that the occasions for wrangling do not often occur. To the question whether the wife approved of her husband taking another wife, he replied that not only did she approve of it, but she encouraged her husband to do so ; and, as an instance, he men-

tioned his own case. He had only two wives. When his first wife was dying, she sent for her greatest friend, and placing her hand in his, she said, "Eliza, you will love my Edward for my sake, won't you?" And Mary's dying moments were brightened by the thought that Eliza had consented to be Edward's third wife. I remarked that the Government were evidently determined to put a stop to their polygamous customs. He said they could not do it, for a fundamental principle of the constitution was absolute non-interference with the religion of the people, and that as a plurality of wives was an essential principle of their religion, they could not interfere without violating the constitution; besides, he added, "if they attempt to do it, we could render it very difficult to prove that a second marriage had taken place."

Many of the women met with in the city had a limp, spiritless look about them, giving the idea that they practised the virtue of submission, and that they had no heart for the

defence of women's rights, whatever that may mean.

Near this temple, another of dressed stone and of magnificent dimensions is in process of erection. Should it ever be completed, it will be one of the finest buildings in the United States. There is a mean-looking house, which is as carefully guarded from the Gentiles as an Oddfellows' hall is at the time when the mysteries are being celebrated. In it the Mormon marriages and other rites are carried out. The Brigham block, an extensive range of buildings of no architectural pretensions, was occupied by Brigham Young and his household; the famous Amelia Palace is opposite to the block, and has the appearance of a respectable suburban villa.

We stood by the side of Brigham Young's grave, from which a fine view of the city and the country beyond is to be obtained; and, mingled with a feeling of scorn, we could not altogether repress a feeling of pity, and even

of admiration, for one who had endured so much, and who had shown qualities worthy of a king amongst his fellow-men. American citizens became indignant and then exasperated wherever the Mormons settled ; they felt that their presence was a foul blot in their midst, and when milder forms of persecution failed, they resorted to force to expel them. A mob, led by a minister, laid siege to and bombarded Nauvoo in Illinois, and the people fought for their temple and their homes. The Mormons were driven across the river into Iowa. A city of 20,000, in which industry and temperance prevailed, became a dead city. The halt, the sick, the old as well as the young and vigorous, had been driven into the unknown desert of the West in search of a new home. How many of these perished *en route*, who shall say? And then Brigham Young, with forethought and a masterful skill not surpassed by any military leader, organized a pioneer party, who, they say, were led by the inspiration of the Almighty

direct to the Great Salt Lake valley, a distance of more than a thousand miles. The party formed through the trackless prairie a road six hundred miles long ; they sowed grain, which might supply food to those following. The elements fought against them, the Indians attacked them, disease lurked in their path, and death hurled that shaft which never misses its mark ; but in spite of difficulties that would have appalled, and obstacles that would have deterred any but the true man of the heroic type, with great labour, Brigham Young succeeded in leading a large number in safety to their new home in the Far West, where, secure from the malice of their persecutors, they might dwell in peace in this their earthly paradise. Now that this commanding spirit has passed away, who could tolerate almost anything except disobedience to his will, there seems little doubt that a process of disintegration will take place, and that only a small community will remain ignorant enough to accept the most

astounding and demoralizing delusion of the age.

Entering the Pullman car on the Union Pacific Line at Ogden, we commenced the long, unbroken journey of 1,033 miles to Omaha. We had not proceeded far when we came upon a curious formation called the Devil's Slide. Two parallel walls of granite, about fifteen feet apart, run down the side of the mountain. The Weber Valley (cañon) is in some parts beautiful and in others grand. But it is impossible in brief notes such as these to specify the different objects of interest in crossing the Rocky Mountains and the great undulating, bare, and apparently boundless prairies. Fortunately the train goes at a slow rate, so that the effects of colour, the deep gorges, the hazardous gradient, the tressel-bridge across some chasm, the timid antelope grazing so near to his enemy, man, without affright, even the advertisement scrawled by some daring and enterprising man on what looks like an almost inaccessible rock, can all

be distinguished and appreciated. It is marvellous the number of stations on this part of the line, and when you come up to them you marvel still more that it should have been considered advisable or necessary to put the station where it is. On the approach to a station the train is slowed, it nearly stops, it is jerked on a little further and then slowed again, the whistle shrieks, the engine bell clangs, you hear voices. They are evidently approaching a complicated system of crossings; you think of Clapham Junction. Great caution must be necessary; you think of London Bridge,—when the train stops opposite a little wooden shanty. This, with a tree or two, is perhaps all the evidence you have that you are in the world at all. On asking where the town is, you are informed probably that it is an important and growing place; that there is a ranche four miles to the west, another seven miles to the east, and that there are two weekly newspapers published there. The Americans seem very fond

of publishing newspapers. Whenever by any chance you come across a solitary house in the prairies, you need not expose your ignorance by expressing any surprise on hearing that a weekly, or it may be a daily, newspaper is published there. We passed several villages of prairie dogs. These little creatures are about the size and have the appearance of squirrels. They look fat and very comfortable, though no doubt they have their troubles as well as other families. At last, after much that is interesting and much that is wearying, we reached Omaha, 1,916 miles from San Francisco, a journey which, for those who travel night and day continuously, occupies four and a half days.

After a stop of one hour we crossed the Missouri River by the magnificent bridge which connects Omaha with Council Bluffs, and having secured berths in the Pullman car, were again journeying eastwards by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy line. Having left Nebraska, we soon noticed a change in cul-

tivation in Iowa. Here, that which fifty years ago was a rolling prairie, now had become a well-settled, a populated and a highly developed farming district. At the different places passed, houses for divine worship, generally of modest dimensions, but always neat and in good repair, showed that the people had not forgotten nor neglected their spiritual privileges. There is little doubt that for some years to come the Church at home ought to help to provide for the spiritual destitution of our sons and daughters who have gone forth to settle in Manitoba, Minnesota, and in some of the Australian colonies. It will never do to leave our own children without the restraints and consolations of the Gospel. They will have to be helped until they can help themselves. But it must be a comfort to those persons at home whose relations have settled in Iowa to know that efforts, not altogether unavailing, have been made to meet the requirements of the residents.

After another run of 500 miles we were not sorry to reach Chicago, situated on Lake Michigan, and the chief city of Illinois. For days the passengers had been thrown together much as they are on a sea voyage, and here, as oftentimes, it was with regret that acquaintances separated, never more to meet again on earth. During this long land-voyage a young lady had travelled with us in the same carriage. Miss Neilson had just terminated a brilliant engagement in San Francisco. Her beauty, her pathos, her talent, had aroused an enthusiasm in that city such as no other actress had succeeded in exciting. At Chicago we separated, and when we reached New York a few weeks afterwards, it was with the deepest sorrow we read the telegram announcing her sudden death in Paris.

The story of Chicago is more like a romance than a reality. In 1804 a small fort was built here; in 1812 the Pottawatomies came down upon the little garrison in overwhelming force,

and the soldiers were promised a safe conduct by the Indians ; and then followed a heartless, cruel treachery, very similar to that which occurred during the Indian mutiny at Cawnpore. For a time the place was abandoned, but gradually a few families settled, and Chicago became a city in 1837. The few hundreds have now increased to 600,000 inhabitants, and the city, forming the centre of the most magnificent water communication in the world, has become the greatest market in the States for grain, for live stock, for pork and beef packing, and for lumber. The city was originally built in a swamp, and I need not repeat the story of the daring enterprise which raised the level nine to twelve feet. On October 9th and 10th, 1871, occurred a fire which has never been equalled in the annals of disaster. The fire brigade made heroic efforts, but they could not arrest the march of the scourge. The flames leaped across open spaces, and fiery brands borne on the storm fled over the river, and soon com-

menced and consummated their destructive work ; 17,450 buildings were destroyed, and 98,560 persons were rendered homeless. A new city, more stately than the one that had perished, phoenix-like soon sprang up from the ashes. It is grand to see an individual or a people using disaster as a stepping-stone to progress. We stopped at the Palmer House Hotel, where we were very comfortable. This hotel claims to be fireproof, which is some comfort to the nervous traveller. I may here remark in passing, that the American hotels are gigantic structures often composed largely of wood, so that I soon found it advisable, when shown to my rooms, to inquire how to escape in case of fire. To many hotels, iron ladders leading from story to story are fixed on the outside of the building, and as we look down from the fourth or sixth story on these slender ladders, one feels that nothing but the daring of despair could prompt any ordinary mortal to descend by them. The sights most worthy of a visit are the

ingenious water works, the university, the court-house and city hall, the railway depôt (station), the grain elevators, the Union stockyards, and the packing houses in their vicinity. It is stated that the live stock passing through these yards amount to 8,000,000 head per annum. We visited one of the large pork-packing houses, where as many as 2,000 pigs are sometimes killed and manipulated in one day. The scene was revolting, but it was a marvellous display of celerity, resulting from perfectly organised labour. The different processes are carried on so continuously and so rapidly that the poor victim has no time for reflection, no time to think what is happening to it, until it finds itself in quarters travelling comfortably packed in salt in rail trucks to the sea-board. The visitor's reflection is, that man is an intelligent savage animal who shows skill in seizing upon and dealing with his prey. Chicago is well supplied with places of amusement. It is very rich in parks, in theatres, in music-halls. The

number of drinking saloons is enormous, and many of them are rendered additionally attractive by singing and dancing. It was inexpressibly painful as we passed along to church on the Sunday evening to hear the banjo and bones and snatches of songs greeted by laughter and applause, for one felt pretty sure that the amusement provided was not of a very elevated or ennobling character. There are about three hundred churches and chapels in Chicago, and from what I heard there is reason to believe that religion is strongly represented both by intellect and spiritual earnestness. The chief ecclesiastical buildings worthy of a visit are Grace Church and St. James's (Episcopal), the Union Park (Congregational), the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church, the Twelfth Street Church (Roman Catholic), and the Unity Church (Unitarian).

Leaving Chicago, we went on direct to Niagara Falls, passing through Detroit and Hamilton, and through a country which presented no points of special interest. On leaving

the line there was a drive for two miles on the bank of the Niagara River, and it was with surprise that we found ourselves close upon the Falls before they vindicated their claim to their name, Niagara — Thunder of Waters. With us, as with every one else, the first sight of the Falls was disappointing, and I endeavoured to find out the cause of this. Well, first of all the Falls are not high—not more than 164 feet ; the volume of water going over into the profound abyss causes a seething mass to rise in front, which makes the Falls appear scarcely more than half this number of feet ; and further, the Falls are looked on from above, and it is extremely difficult to judge of a vertical height when looked down upon. The wonder of Niagara is not the depth, but the mass of water that rushes over. Here is a mighty river, which some distance above is from two to three miles wide, compressed into a comparatively narrow channel, and at last gliding over in a volume from twenty to twenty-four

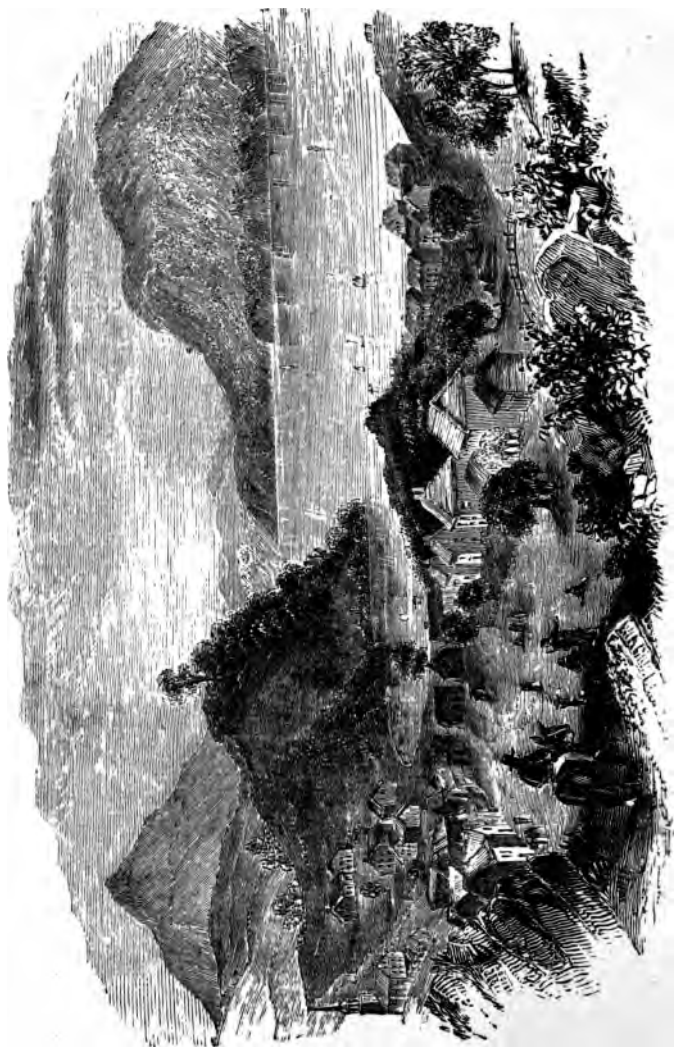
feet deep. On some days the *Great Eastern* could pass over the ledge without scraping her keel. In the gorge below for some distance the water seems to linger, as if stunned by its late experiences, and slowly gathers momentum for the struggle in the rapids three miles below. Here there is a tramcar on an inclined plane, called, by some Irishman I suppose, the vertical railroad, which leads down close to the rapids. The Falls should be seen both from the American and the Canadian sides, and also from the centre of the Suspension Bridge. But one of the most impressive sights in the Niagara scenery is about two miles above the Falls, reached by the river road, where the suction is just beginning to be felt, the bed is shallow, and rocky projections break the stream into rivulets ; these rush on with ever-increasing speed, and at last become impetuous and furious, and as the water rages and dashes past one realises the utter impossibility of anything floating there being rescued from the doom below.

It was just above this spot where two men were crossing the river in a little boat with sail set. They had been accustomed to do this almost daily for years. They were sailing gaily on, when suddenly the wind dropped and they soon began to drift towards the rapids. They looked for their oars, when horrible to relate, they found they had left them ashore! Habit had rendered them forgetful and careless. Their little craft became the plaything of the maddened stream, which soon hurried them into that awful gulf, out of which nought ever came forth as witnesses of their fate. How many noble lives in the perilous voyage of life have been wrecked and gone down into darkness by a similar reckless heedlessness!

Having been clad in waterproofs, I descended a spiral staircase, and amidst a deafening roar and a blinding spray, keeping close to the rock, at last I stood immediately under the Falls—the archway of

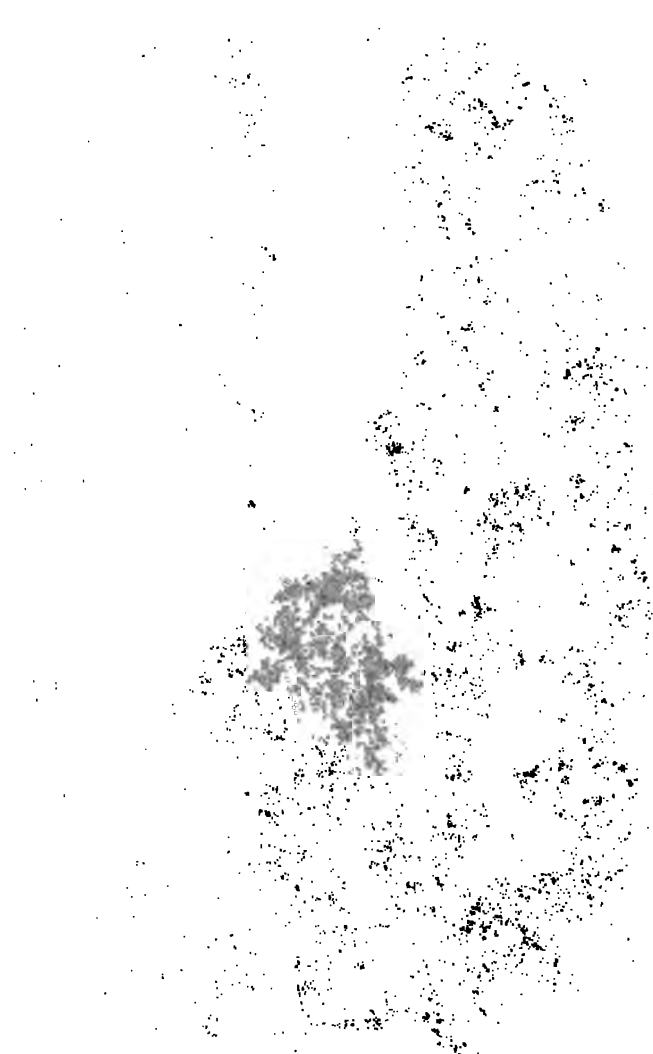
solid water above forming a half-dome, and the whole scene was terrible and weird. We stopped at the Clifden House, from the verandah of which at night we saw the Falls lit up with the electric light which some enterprising American on the opposite side was exhibiting. The play of colours was beautiful, but upon the whole the effect was disappointing, and it seemed almost impertinent for man to attempt to make Niagara Falls look pretty. Niagara is an expensive place to stay at, especially with regard to carriage-hire. Without very careful agreement beforehand, the extortion of the drivers is such that it will soon exhaust the resources of an ordinary purse and of an ordinary temper. The distances are not great, and for those who have strength I would recommend that the sights be visited on foot.

A short railway journey brought us to the Lake Ontario, where rival steamboat companies disputed for the honour of carrying



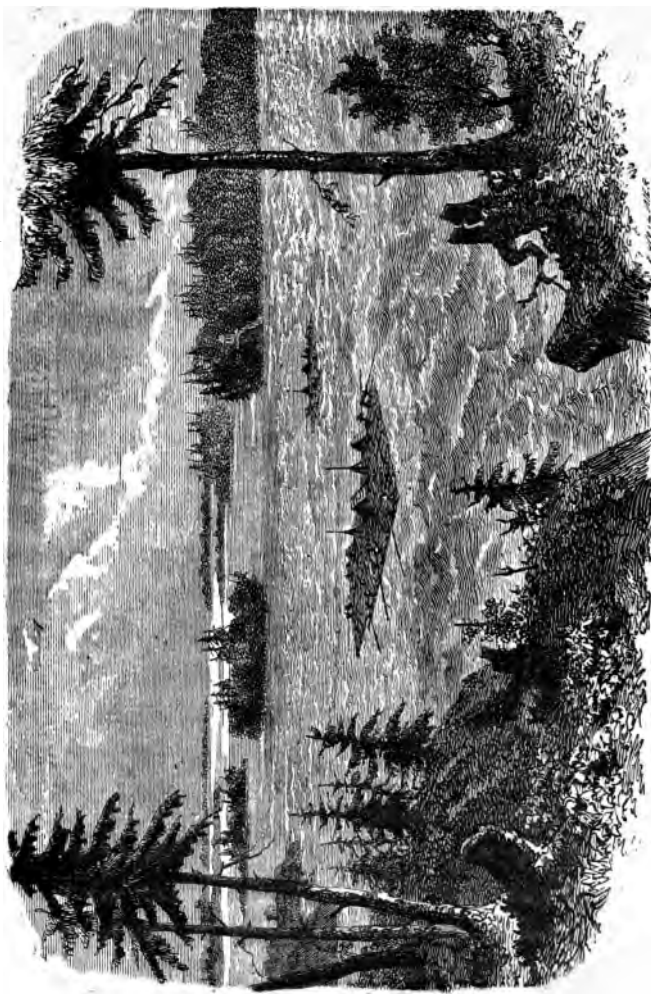
LAKE SCENERY IN CANADA.

us across to Toronto. The approach to this city is striking, sitting as it is in a deep bay of the lake, and displaying against the sky quite a large number of beautiful spires. The names of the streets, King, York, Richmond, and of our Hotel Queen's, remind me that we had left for a time that country where royalty is an abomination. And the change was apparent: the people here did not take life more leisurely than in the States. The street advertisements are not so violent and prodigious, the shops are ready for customers rather than invite customers. The tramcars are not crowded, there is little bustle in the streets, and the general impression on the stranger's mind is that the people are somewhat respectable and rather dull. There are some very fine buildings, amongst which I mention the three sides of a square which form the Toronto University, the main building being an admirable example of modern architecture. The Cathedral of St. James is



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in the Gothic style, with a lofty tower, from which springs a very graceful spire; but I am not sure whether it is not surpassed in beauty by the Jarvis Street Baptist Chapel, which is Decorated Gothic. The Wesleyan Methodist Church is one of the grandest and most massive-looking places of worship I have ever seen in any part of the world. Trinity College overlooks the bay, it has extensive grounds attached to it, and is as interesting in its appearance as in its history. Taking steamer on Lake Ontario, we made a short stay at Kingston, where the princess of enterprise has fallen asleep, and everybody seems afraid of awakening her. Soon after leaving Kingston we entered that part of the St. Lawrence River which is known as The Thousand Islands. The river spreads out as a lake, about which more than 1,600 islets are dotted. No two are of the same size, shape, height, or colour. Some are bare rocks, others are heavily wooded; the scenery is constantly



SCENE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

changing, and but for the crowd on deck would be very agreeable. This is a favourite sail in summer, and large numbers from all parts of Canada and America come to enjoy it. Some were reading their guide-books, and never came out of the saloon to enjoy the beauty; others were gazing intensely in each other's faces, as if they were gazing on all they cared to see; whilst others were seated in secluded spots as if arranging to make the journey of life together. But the great mass were intent on seeing all that was to be seen, and short ejaculatory sentences jerked out gave expression to their appreciation of the sublime and beautiful. Passing Alexandra Bay, near which Mr. Pullman has a beautiful residence, we came to the Long Sault Rapids, of the sensational character of which so much has been written. On the present occasion, however, shooting the rapids was a very mild affair. We had read of the intrepid Indians who alone could steer the vessel safely through

the supreme dangers. At the very time we were passing through them, people in their ignorance were asking when we should be in the rapids. The shortest but most exciting are the Lachine. It was a little late when we neared them, and the captain thought it prudent to put his passengers ashore, and a train being telegraphed for, we made the rest of the journey by rail. On the following day we returned to the landing-place and embarked for the express purpose of shooting the Lachine Rapids, but found it a very mild excitement indeed; and passing under the magnificent Victoria tubular bridge we came to our moorings in Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, so called from Mont Rial or Mount Royal, which towers up behind the city. We stopped at the Windsor Hotel, which I venture to call the finest hotel in Canada or America.

Montreal is wonderfully rich in Roman Catholic buildings and institutions. The Church of Notre Dame is capable of seating

12,000 people. On either side of the front is a tower 227 feet high, and every one who can should ascend to the top, from which a grand panorama may be viewed. The interior is one unbroken display of gold and colour, whilst the grand altar and sanctuary are enriched with carvings, paintings and bas-reliefs, which are beautiful as works of art, and so varied that it is claimed for them that they represent the religious history of the world. Another church, the Church of the Gesu, is worthy of a visit. It was built by the Jesuits, is erected on the grounds of one of their colleges, and is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Its distinctive attraction is the admirable frescoes which, literally cover the sides and roof. In the chapel dedicated to Our Lady, which is to the left of the high altar, the Persons of the Holy Trinity are represented as "crowning the Blessed Virgin as Queen of Angels;" and again in St. Joseph's Chapel, a painting represents God the Father as seated on His throne. It was with a shock of

pain we saw how man had represented in human form the Being who cannot be conceived as having form. The infant's hand cannot give an outline of the Infinite. The Christ Church Cathedral (episcopal) is a very beautiful specimen of Gothic. There is an enjoyable drive round the Mount Royal to the Roman Catholic Cemetery, which is picturesquely situated on slanting ground. As we ascend we come at intervals upon "Stations of the Cross," and on reaching Calvary there is a very realistic group representing the Crucifixion. On all sides we are reminded of the local supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion, and as we see the streets with French names and hear the people talking French, we see to us, a new illustration of the cosmopolitan supremacy of our gracious Sovereign.

To save time, we went to Quebec by rail and not by steamer; and as we reached Point Levi, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and looked across at the Gibraltar of America,

we saw one of the grandest sites for a city to be found in any part of the world. There, right on the point of Cape Diamond, overhanging, and yet 333 feet above the river, the citadel stands out bold and defiant. The Durham and Dufferin Terraces are built right on the cliff, and form a promenade which for variety and extent of view is perfectly unique. The irregular streets and the curious quaint old buildings carry the mind back to the past. Here at last on this continent we come to a city which age has rendered venerable. And it must be confessed too that there is something of the decrepitude of old age about Quebec. It has a deserted, forlorn appearance, and but little of the ring and clatter of modern cities about it. It reminds us of the old lady one occasionally meets with who is still very courteous and dignified, but whose rusty dress tells that she has seen better days. It is only right to add, we are told, that Quebec "is one of the greatest lumber and timber

markets on the American continent," so that we may hope it is not such an utterly trade-forsaken place as it looks. Wolfe's monument, standing on the spot where he fell, is an unpretentious column in the Plains of Abraham. But after all, his deeds and death are the true monument of Wolfe. A noble life, deeds of greatness and of goodness—these are a more enduring monument than sculptured marble or graven brass. Some lads came about the carriage offering diamonds for a few cents which they said they had picked up at the foot of the monument, and which they kindly offered to us as souvenirs of our visit. I suppose some believe them, or they would not linger here to catch unsuspecting victims. It is curious the craze some people have for mementoes of illustrious or notorious things and persons. Some are rendered happy for life if they are allowed to get into Napoleon's carriage, or to sit in a chair where Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott or the Prince of

Wales has once sat. A reverent credulity is displayed about pieces of the Cross, the thigh-bone of a saint, the hairs of Bhuddha ; whilst others regard as a priceless treasure a piece of a rope with which a murderer is said to have been hanged, or a piece of a carriage that was telescoped in a railway accident. It is rather surprising there are not more lunatic asylums erected. A drive of eight miles through two or three French-Canadian villages, full of interest, brings to the Montmorenci Falls, about 250 feet high ; they are graceful and beautiful. The ecclesiastical buildings of Quebec are numerous and interesting ; in some of them there are a few paintings. The cathedral in St. Anne Street is a very plain structure both without and within. The St. Louis is the best hotel to stop at.

Returning to Montreal, our baggage underwent a close inspection at the railway station by the United States custom-house officer, as we were about to cross the threshold which

separates monarchy from democracy. After a pleasant journey we reached Plattsburg, a small thriving town at the mouth of the Saranac River, and on the shore of Lake Champlain, where we spent and enjoyed a quiet Sunday, and where at Fouquet's House, for the first time for eleven years we were waited upon by female servants. Plattsburg is the favourite entrance for tourists to the Adirondacks. The lake takes its name from Samuel de Champlain, who discovered it in 1609, and who lies buried in what is now called the Basilica of Quebec, but which was formerly the cathedral. This lake is large, but not so large as to shut out the varied beauties on either the Vermont or New York shore. It is inclosed by the Green Mountains on the east, and the Adirondack Mountains on the west. The steamer touches at several towns and villages, each of which has some attraction all its own. The approach to Burlington is very fine, and the appearance of this, the largest city in Vermont, as it slopes

up from the very shore to a considerable height, with the University buildings overlooking the whole, is very striking. The agreeable passage terminates at Fort Ticonderoga. This fort played an important part in the struggles between the French and English in the last century. We are told that during the war for independence Colonel Ethan Allen "surprised the unsuspecting garrison, penetrated to the very bed-side of the commandant, and waking him, demanded the surrender of the fort. 'In whose name and to whom?' exclaimed the surprised officer. 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!' thundered the intrepid Allen, and the fort was immediately surrendered." A short railway journey of five miles brought us to Baldwin, on the northern border of Lake George.

Lake George, the Loch Lomond of America, is a perfect gem of pretty scenery. It is a favourite summer resort for people jaded and

weary of city life. In bays, perched on cliffs, embowered in trees, planted on islets, hotels, houses, cottages, and tents may be seen, all testifying to the popularity of the lake. Numerous parties were camping out, and it was quite touching to see the enthusiasm with which we were greeted. As we passed along, old gentlemen would wave their handkerchiefs as if bidding adieu to their dearest friends; and young ladies, in toilets peculiarly their own, would scamper down to the brink of the water and smile their welcome. One young gentleman in proper nautical costume, ran up the stars and stripes at the stern of his boat, determined to dip the flag as we passed; but the line got fouled and would not work, and so we took the intention for the deed. Many on board cordially reciprocated these kindly intentions, so that a stranger might conclude that the Americans are very fond of meeting each other when they do not know each other. Rounding Sabbath Day Point, we entered

what are called "The Narrows," where, as the name implies, the lake is narrow, and where the steamer has to thread its way through a number of small islands which constantly open up new views of beauty. After a delightful pleasure sail of over thirty miles we reached Fort William Henry Hotel at Caldwell, a magnificent-looking building, with the ruins of the old fort close by, and overlooking the lake. Few hotels have such an enchanting scene to place before their guests, as that which can be seen from the verandah here ; terraced walks leading to the banks, the lake shut in by islands in the distance, silvery lines of water creeping up dark creeks, jutting points of land, noble trees, green fields—all form a picture delightful to contemplate. The hotel was crowded during our stay by ladies and gentlemen from New York chiefly, who, though they had left the business, had not got away from the gaieties of town life. The resources of the hotel were such as to provide theatricals, concerts, brass-bands

and other amusements for the guests. But what seemed to be considered as of great importance, and to rise from an amusement almost to a duty, was the promenade, in which toilets were displayed of a very pronounced character.

We had a very pleasant drive of nine miles in a stage coach to Glens Falls, passing through a country, where during the last century, battles were fought, and where Cooper has placed some of the scenes in his novels. We passed the "Bloody Pond" in which we are told the water was tinged with the blood of those who had been slain. I noticed the water still looks dark coloured; perhaps dyed by the decaying leaves falling into it. Our next stopping place was Saratoga, the city of hotels, where during the summer months thousands from all parts of America and Europe do congregate. Each hotel is a little world in itself, supplying all that the visitor may require. The three largest, the United States, the Grand Union, and the

Congress Hall have together 2,900 rooms, and can accommodate 5,000 guests. The Boulevard is a noble street, well'shaded with trees, and in the afternoon, when the exquisites are out and the finely appointed equipages are being displayed, the scene is one of extraordinary animation. There are a large number of mineral springs (twenty-eight) possessing a variety of valuable properties, and many of them are sparkling. Thence we proceeded to Albany, where we visited the new Capitol standing on raised ground, and which promises to be one of the finest, as it has already been one of the most costly, in the United States.

A sail down the Hudson is generally spoken of as a great event in one's life ; and certainly this stately river flows between banks which are wonderfully picturesque, grand, and beautiful. We left on one of the big river steamers, and found not much to interest until we had passed Hudson and Catskill Landing, when the Catskill Mountains stand out finely against

the sky. Several large and flourishing towns are situated on the banks, amongst which Poughkeepsie is the most important. We then come upon the Highland group, made up of bold and massive mountains in the midst of which is West Point, the great military school of the States. At different points we are reminded of incidents in the revolutionary war. The house where Irving lived, and wrote and died, at Irvington, is near the river, but shut out from view by trees. On the right hand, for twenty miles, precipitous columnal rocks, called the Palisades, close in the river. After a very pleasant day we touched the pier at New York in the evening, and made our way to the Metropolitan Hotel in Broadway. I shall not attempt a description of New York.

I shall merely mention the special objects which appear to me well worthy the attention of the stranger. Beginning at the extreme point, there is Castle Garden, where at any time may be seen crowds of emigrants, who

have come from all parts of Europe to help to form the wealth and strength of what promises to be the most advanced nation of the earth. Then we come to Trinity Church, with its costly Astor memorial reredos. Wall Street, just opposite, is a mean-looking street, but its heart throbs with every excitement throughout the world, and its transactions are quoted on every 'Change in Europe. The Astor Library and Cooper Institute are worthy of a visit. Grace Church, in its chaste marble, cannot be overlooked, standing as it does in the bend of Broadway, so that at a distance it looks as if it stopped the way. There are chimes in this episcopal building, and I may be mistaken, but on the Sunday evening I think I heard them chiming one of Sankey's tunes. There are very fine private residences in and about Fifth Avenue. St. Paul's (Methodist) is a beautiful marble edifice in the Romanesque style, and not far from it is St. George's (Episcopal), which is well worthy of a visit. No one should miss

the Central Park. The street elevated railways are both an eye-sore and a nuisance. The city is well supplied with omnibuses and tramcars, the charges for which are reasonable.

From New York we went to Brooklyn, Coney Island, Philadelphia, and other places, and at last felt we were really on our way *home*,—Oh! the pathos of that word in an exile's heart!—when we went on board the s.s. *Algeria*, of the Cunard Line. The passage across the Atlantic was calm, pleasant, and uneventful, and we had agreeable companions to the very end. At last, on Sunday morning, August 29th, the dim outline of land was seen through a hazy light not far from New Brighton. England at last! I have wandered far and wide; I have seen many countries, experienced much kindness, and made many friends in distant lands; but one's heart has not been alienated. For me there is no place in the world like dear old England for true liberty, for intellectual vigour, for religious tone, for happy domestic life; and I am free to

confess that my heart thrilled with joy as once more I stood on British soil. Two hours after landing in Liverpool we were in church, returning thanks to Almighty God, Who had so mercifully shielded us from all danger through our long and deeply interesting tour from Madras to Liverpool.



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OR,

Woman's Work in Foreign Parts.

"THE EARTH SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD, AS THE WATERS COVER THE SEA."

This Magazine contains information and Letters from Missions abroad, Lists of Subscriptions, and of the Parcels received by the LADIES' ASSOCIATION, and other subjects of interest.

